# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 6, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1894


THE

## HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

### A VILLAGE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

### CHAPTER III.

The Uplands, as we can just make out in the uncertain twilight, is a great rambling tenement of Elizabethan date; its white plastered walls being crossed with the huge black beams of that epoch.

In extent, in wealth of gables, chimneys and weather-cocks, of incongruous additions stuck on at various times to the original building, and of all sorts of ins and outs—unprofitable, but not unpicturesque—thence resulting, the Uplands may fairly take precedence of the Haugh. But even at first sight we see that it lacks something of the well-kept, well ordered completeness that gives so satisfactory an air of sufficiency and comfort to that trig and thrifty abode. The interior of the house, like that of the Haugh, is full of oak, dark and lustrous from age and rubbing. It is furnished in much the same style of old fashioned rustic simplicity; but the passages and staircases are wider, the rooms larger and higher; while, in many of these, good modern windows have been substituted for the smaller apertures, which served to admit the grudging instalments in which bygone generations were accustomed to receive their limited allowance of light and air.

The same odor of freshness and cleanliness that pervades the Haugh is discernible here, though with perhaps rather less of the peculiar cacioes of the farm-house in it; for neither dairy nor barn-yard—though the former is carefully superintended by the amiable and excellent widow who has so long presided at Farmer Mathews's hearth—can boast of the riches with which those of the Haugh are overflowing. Could we look out upon the land round about us, we should perceive the same difference in the appearance of the two farms.

With capabilities equal to those which are turned to such good account under the energetic sway of Farmer Pearson and his stirring dame, everything about the Uplands betrays the want of a guiding and efficient head. Gifted by nature with a less active temperament than that of his old friend and crony of the Haugh, Farmer Mathews has suffered deeply, first from the loss of his wife, to whom he was greatly attached, and again—and even more severely—from the grief and shame of his son's disappearance; suffering which he would fain hide from others and from himself, under an appearance of indifference, but which, in spite of his determination to discard all remembrance of his son's unworthy career,—now brought to so premature and disgraceful an ending—has worn into his soul, and impaired his energies, until he has unconsciously allowed the management of his affairs to slip into the hands of the retainer so frequently alluded to the personages of our story. The results of which tacit delegation are evident in the air of neglect, and almost of decay, which marks everything connected with the place.

But from this general statement regarding appearance of the Uplands, two notable exceptions must be made; the first having reference to the garden where we have just left our young friends, and the second to that portion of the rambling old dwelling occupied by the members of Farmer Mathews's household.

The garden—bounded by a hedge of privet, sorels, and laurestinas, closely clipped, and too low to intercept the view—is, in the first place, a lawn, of no great extent, but boasting a turf which—kept with constant care under Aunt Mary's supervision—is as smooth and thick as the pile of an Axminster carpet, and that rich deep green not to be seen beyond humid precincts of the British Isles; and the next place,—thanks to a liberal interlacing of flower-beds, and a free permission to climb up tree or wall, wherever they can gain a hold, accorded to honey-suckles, jessamines, and the whole race of creepers, of which they have not been slow to avail themselves—a very wilderness of blossoms. Here, from her babyhood, has Bessy tended her bees, and fed the innumerable pigeons that flock down at her call from the untenanted gables in the roof; here, too, where the four children have so long luxuriated in perfume and sunshine,—up in their lessons, or eager in their play—as she often shuttered, in the sadder days that have followed those old happy times, forgetting herself in anxious musings on the fate of her lost brother, or revolving, with Aunt Mary—less sanguine, but not less interested than herself—various impossible projects for clearing the mystery of his disappearance.

There is certainly no symptom of decay about Aunt Mary's flower garden; nor about the well-stocked enclosure adjoining it, where thriving beds of fruit and vegetables do equal honor to her care.

Nor—as we remarked a few moments ago—any want of judicious oversight visible in the house itself. The bed rooms, despite the simplicity of their arrangements—are as neat and comfortable as possible; while the parlor, the especial glory of the Uplands, and Aunt Mary's own peculiar sanctum—fitted up by her out of the slender annuity which is all that remains to her of better days—is without a rival the village.

It is a long, shadowy, yet lightsome room, looking out upon the garden through a wide bay-window at its farther end, and three long French casements down one side, all shaded by delicate muslin draperies, and overhung with masses of her favorite creepers. It is neatly papered, and tastefully though inexpensively furnished. On the walls are a few fine engravings, in plain gilt frames; and in an old bookcase of carved oak, is a very tolerable collection of books.

Farmer Mathews does not often enter the parlor, preferring a lounge in his own chair by the sitting-room fire. Jack Hill, withheld by a sort of tacit understanding that his presence there would be unwelcome, never attempts to cross its threshold. But as Aunt Mary justly considered that this room, being the pleasantest in the house, should also be the most enjoyed, it is here that her young pupils have been accustomed to spend some hours of every day; associating their lessons, not with the bare walls and hard benches of the village schoolroom, but with the brightest and pleasantest influences within the scope of their experience; with the subtle charm of surroundings more refined than those to which they are habituated elsewhere; with the beauty of the flowers, the turf, and the sunshine outside; and especially with Aunt Mary's neat, black silk gown, her gentle voice and smile, and her unwearying kindness. And in this room, since the breaking-up of the joyous circle that assembled in it day by day, for so many years, Aunt Mary and Bessy still pass their quiet afternoons.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The sort of better kitchen which—as in most farm houses of its class—serves as the general rallying point of the family, is as bright, as shiny, and as hospitable as the cosy apartment with which we have already made acquaintance at the Haugh. And to this room, where the two families are now assembled—awaiting the return of the walkers—we must now betake ourselves.

Farmer Pearson has more than once looked out into the garden, in the hope of being able to announce the return of the wanderers; for the good man is hungry, and a tempting supper—consisting of cold fowls and ham, a currant and raspberry pie, and a vast China bowl of fresh strawberries, flanked by a jug of delicious cream—is already on the table.

Aunt Mary and Dame Pearson, are deep in amicable talk; Jack Hill, who has just entered the kitchen, sits in a corner beside the fire; and Farmer Pearson, and his host, are both waxing somewhat impatient, when steps are heard in the garden; and in another moment our young friends find themselves in the midst of a group of kindly faces, and a chorus of cheerful voices.

Harry looks the least little bit conscious and bashful, but proud and happy withal, as Aunt Mary and Farmer Mathews shake him cordially by the hand; and Bessy's gentle face is covered with blushes, which, however, no one has time to see, for Dame Pearson embraces her heartily in her good, motherly way, and her husband, following the dame's example, gives her one of his bouncing salutes on each cheek.

But poor Bessy finds it unusually difficult to get her bonnet-strings untied; so much so, indeed, that a handsome curly-headed girl of nearly her own age, whose rosy and roguish face we have not seen before, but who is too like Harry to be any other than his merry little sister Dolly, springs up from the stool on which she has been sitting at Aunt Mary's feet, and hastens to her assistance.

Farmer Pearson meanwhile declares that it is very lucky the wanderers have got home at last, as he had been on the very point of setting out to look for them, with the aid of all the ploughboys and lanterns to be found on the premises.

"I wish you had done so, father," returns Harry, laughing, "not that we were in danger of losing our way, but because Bessy fancied once or twice that she heard something moving on the other side of the hedge; and though we could see nothing in the dark, there is no knowing what we might have discovered with the help of the lanterns."

As Harry says this, he fixes his eyes full upon Jack Hill, who sits quite still in his corner, taking no part in the bustle that has followed the entrance of the young pair, but smiling with a disagreeable stereotyped smile habitual to him. Is it Harry's fancy, or does that sallow, restless face, with its pale, curveless lips slightly drawn down at the corners, and its small, ferret-eyes that never yet looked steady into any others, waver beneath his searching glance? If it do so waver, however, its owner at once recovers his self-possession, and rises from his chair as though to shake hands with him. But Harry, who would sooner touch a snake at this moment than the cold palm of Jack Hill, pretends not to see the movement, and turns away; still laughing at an idea which he declares must have been suggested entirely by Bessy's nervousness.

"But Bessy never used to be nervous," remarks Dame Pearson, who is rather given to literal interpretations.

"Nor is she now," says Aunt Mary, looking anxiously at Bessy; "I hope, dear, you have not taken cold?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Mary, there is nothing the matter," returns Bessy, so much distressed at finding the attention of the company directed to herself, that she begins to look as though something might really be the matter after all.

"Tut! tut! there's naught amiss I'll be bound, Aunt Mary!" interposes Farmer Pearson, "why, were there e'er a couple o' young sweethearts yet, as were sent out into the fields by theirselves, 'specially when it's past sundown, that didn't hear summit behind 'em. Why, bless ye, they never miss it; an' I s'pose they never will. When my dame there used to go a'courtin' wi' me in the woods down by Marley's Holt, she always heard somebody, reg'lar, behind every tree. An' sure enow, them woods never is very quiet; wha' wi' the wind in the tops o' the trees, wi' the birds awhiskin' in an' out under the leaves, an' the bits o' twigs breakin' short off, and droppin' about one. But Lord love ye! it were just the very same when we was out past the woods, an' onto the common, where ye could see a good mile on each side o' ye, an' not so much as a hush where any livin' thing could ha' hid itself. 'Twere every minute, 'Oh, John, did ye hear that?' an' 'Oh, John, did ye hear that?' an' she aholdin' on to my arm all the tighter every time I says 'No, I didn't hear nothin';' for o' coorse I didn't hear nothin', an' how should I, when there wer'n't nothin' to hear, an' nothin' could ha' been near us, or we should ha' seen it."

The laugh which follows this explanation of the matter serves to cover Bessy's confusion; and a signal from Aunt Mary being followed by the appearance of a great dish of eggs and bacon, and another of savory green peas, which take their place among the good things already on the table, the happy party draw at once round the board. Farmer Mathews says a grace, to which Farmer Pearson responds with a jolly "Amen!" and conversation is merged for a time in the vigorous play of knives and forks.

When the repast—to which full justice has been done—is drawing to a close, Farmer Mathews produces a bottle of old port, and another of sherry of equal age, both drawn forth for the occasion from a small stock which was laid in at the time of his own wedding, and is reserved exclusively for the very highest of high tides.

In spite of his determination to think of nothing but Bessy's happiness, Farmer Mathews is conscious of a pang at his heart as he calls to mind how this wine, that should have been brought out also when his lost son became of age, had been left in the cellar when that day arrived; a day not spoken of in the family when it came—save between Bessy and Aunt Mary—yet certainly not unremembered.

But he puts away the unwelcome thought, and exclaims, with a glance across the table at his old friend,

"We ha' drunk to our children's health an' happiness this afternoon, in your dame's good wine, neighbor; an' now we must drink to the same in mine."

"Wi' all my heart," returns Farmer Pearson, as his host, having filled the dame's glass and his own, pushes the bottles towards him; "I know this wine of old, an' I doubt it ne'er were drunk, an' ne'er will be, on a better occasion, nor wi' truer good will. Now, Aunt Mary, let me fill for you. Yes, yes, I remember; sherry, o' course, faithful to old friends, as usual, eh?" he continues, pouring out a glass for her, and then proceeding to fill his own. "God bless my soul! Jack Hill, why, ye're not goin' off wi'out drinkin' the toast, man?" he exclaims, his hand arrested in the extremity of his surprise, as the individual thus apostrophized suddenly rises from his seat, and makes for the door.

"I forgot to bid Bill bring up the foal from the grass field; I shall be back directly," answered Jack Hill, hastily turning his ashy, unquiet face towards him as he quits the room.

"An ugly, ill mannered lout!" mutters Farmer Mathews, in an indignant aside, audible only to the dame and to us.

In the pause that follows Jack Hill's unexpected retreat, and while Harry, succeeding his father in the temporary custody of the decanters, is pouring out for the two girls and for himself, and Farmer Mathews, holding up his glass, is about to propose the toast of the evening, the sound of horses' feet is heard rapidly approaching the house.

Now, there is nothing in the sound of horses' feet, abstractly considered, that need create any great sensation in the hearer's mind; but visitors are rare at the Uplands, especially on horseback; and such an event, at this hour, is absolutely without precedent in its annals.

So they all listen and marvel; and as they listen, they hear that the visitor, whoever he may be, is not alone; for the trot of a second horse is now plainly audible. Curiosity and that sudden feeling of undefined and unreasoning expectancy of which most people have been conscious at times, take hold of them all; and, for the moment, Jack Hill's disappearance, and the toast itself, are forgotten.

The new-comers seem to have stopped at the wicket, which is heard to open, a hasty step resounds upon the gravelled path, and approaches the door; and as Harry hastens out to meet the stranger, the voice of Squire Southall is heard exclaiming,

"I was just coming in search of you, Harry, as I found you were here. Excuse me for a few moments, my good friends," he continues, as the party within all crowd to the door, and invite him to enter, "I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to you very shortly; but I must first have a word in private with my friend Harry. So step this way with me," says the good-humored Squire, taking Harry's arm, and walking him off rapidly towards the gate, where Harry can just discern a couple of horses whose bridles are thrown over the posts outside.

"My dear fellow," says the Squire, hurriedly, in a low voice, as he drags him through the gate into the avenue outside the garden, "I have the strangest, the most capital news for you all—"

—"Of Richard?" demands Harry, impetuously, interrupting him.

"It is, but don't ask me one word, my dear lad! In a moment you shall know everything. And now tell me, is Jack Hill in the house?"

"He was at supper with us a few minutes ago," replies Harry, "he left the kitchen just as you got here. But he can't be far off."

"That's well," returns the Squire, in the same low, hurried tones, "Dawes will be here directly, with some stout fellows to help him, and we must see if we cannot take the rascal into custody without alarming the house."

"What!" cries Harry, hardly believing his ears at this intimation of the approach and errand of the sole policeman of the village, "has he really been at the bottom of it all?"

"Every bit of it—but wait till you hear poor Dick's story," replies the Squire.

"But where is he?" cries Harry, almost beside himself with impatience. "Where is he? Let me see him?"

"Why there he is!" exclaims the Squire, pointing to a tall figure, closely muffled in a cloak, and standing a little withdrawn under the shade of the trees, so that he had hitherto escaped Harry's observation. "Now Dick, my boy, down with the mufflers! Here's Harry!" he continues, but before he has finished his sentence, the stranger has thrown aside his cloak, and the two young men have sprung into each others' arms; Dick sobbing and laughing convulsively in the same breath, and Harry scarcely less affected as he embraces the long-lost friend of his boyhood, the brother so dear to Bessy.

"Dear Dick! welcome, welcome home!" he manages to say, at last; "but where on earth have you been all this time, and what does it all mean?" he inquires, half stupefied by the suddenness of this re-appearance, as he peers into his face, vainly endeavoring to distinguish his features in the dim starlight.

"Why it means just this," interposes the Squire, before Richard has time to reply, "that we have all made the most shocking blunder, the most extraordinary mistake; a great crime has been committed—or rather a series of crimes, going on for all these years—and an innocent man has been cruelly slandered, while the real criminal is still at large! But cheer up, my dear fellow!" he continues, laying his hand kindly on the shoulder of the agitated young man, "you've weathered the storm, you know, and are fairly in sight of port. You'll anchor in smooth water for the rest of your days, and repay the old man for all he has suffered on your account!"

At this moment Dawes and his men make their appearance coming quietly up the avenue, and await the Squire's directions for the execution of their duty.

"As you say that Jack Hill is somewhere about the house," remarks the Squire, turning to Harry, "Dawes will go in by the back door, and have a look for him, while the others station themselves round the outside of the house, so as to cut short his retreat should he take the alarm, and try to give us the slip. So I shall leave you here for a few minutes, Harry; and you and Dick must decide upon the best way of breaking the news of his return to his friends with as little delay as may be."

While the Squire draws off his forces, the young men, left alone together, converse in eager whispers; and Dick imparts to his old friend an outline of the facts necessary to establish his justification. After a short absence, the Squire—having seen the emissary of the law into the house through a back door, and the rest of his forces posted to his worshipful satisfaction—hastens back to his young friends in the pleasing belief that the guilty party is fairly netted; and, it having been determined that Harry shall undertake the task of announcing the wanderer's return, accompanies Dick into the garden, and with his protege, takes up his stand as near to the outer door of the sitting-room (still ajar) as he deems it prudent to approach while awaiting the result of Harry's mission.

Harry, meantime, has returned into the midst of the group whose proceedings have been so unexpectedly interrupted, and who are anxiously waiting for his reappearance.

He has some difficulty in controlling his emotion, but one glance at Bessy—who has risen from her chair, her eyes dilating with the intensity of the forebodings she cannot shape into words, and her hands clasped in mute entreaty as she gazes into his face—thrills him with the consciousness of the happiness of which he is the bearer, and nerves him for the task. Looking steadily at Farmer Mathews, who, were it not for the trouble in his eye, and a slight quivering about the mouth, might be turned into a statue, so rigid, so cold, and so white has he grown as he meets his glance, Harry utters, in a low, solemn, but joyful tone that goes to every heart in the little circle, the touching words of the parable, "He was dead, but is alive again; he was lost, but is found!"

The stern old man bows his head with a stifled cry, a cry of pain; while Bessy, springing to his side, throws herself on her knees before him, clasps her arms round him, and murmurs joyfully,

"Oh, I knew he would come back! Thank God! thank God!" and the rest of the party, speechless with astonishment and curiosity, gather about them listening eagerly for further tidings.

"Yes, he is indeed come home, like the Prodigal in the parable," continues Harry, "and yet, Heaven be praised! not altogether as he. For we have all been deceived by false appearances, and Richard is come back to us innocent of all the crime and shame of the past; innocent of everything but the boyish impatience that drove him from his home!"

"Innocent! he is come back innocent?—where is he, where is he?" cries his father, joyfully, but half-bewildered by the sudden revulsion of feeling that follows this announcement, and starting to his feet as though to seek him.

"Here he is! here he is! Hurrah!" answers the hearty voice of the Squire, who dashes the door wide open, and waves his hat, as the long lost son rushes into his father's arms.

"My father, forgive me all the trouble I have caused you!" sobs the son, his face buried in the old man's bosom.

"My boy, my dear, dear Dick, forgive me! forgive us all!" is all that his father, his sternness dissolved in tears of happiness, can utter, as he clasps the long lost wanderer to his heart.

But the scene that follows this recovery and reconciliation!

Dick is hugged and kissed and shaken hands with by everybody together, and then by them all one after another; and it is only when tears have succeeded to this first overwhelming excitement, and smiles have again succeeded to tears, that they gather round him in tolerable quiet to hear the story of his absence and return; the Squire, meantime, satisfied with the reception of his protege, and desirous of ascertaining the result of the search after Jack Hill, leaving the room, and going off to confer with the policeman.

At length Dick is suffered to occupy a chair, with his father on one side of him, and Aunt Mary on the other. Farmer Mathews is still in a sort of bewilderment that causes him every now and then to press his son's hand—which he holds in his own—as though to satisfy himself of the reality of his presence. Aunt Mary's placid face is lighted up with unspeakable happiness as she follows every look and movement of her adopted child; and Bessy, who has jumped up a dozen times from the stool at his feet, to throw her arms round his neck, and kiss him in the extremity of her delight, is now content to sit still and await his story.

Farmer Pearson, who shares heartily in the general joy, and as we must do him the justice to observe, does not even regret the loss of the Uplands, which will probably be one of the many consequences of Richard's return, and his dame, whose eyes are still moist as she smiles on her favorite, have drawn their chairs close in front of the central group; and Harry stands just behind Bessy, with his pretty sister seated beside him.

The latter, we may observe, is somewhat awe-stricken at finding her boyish friend of other days metamorphosed into a handsome young man, of five and twenty, with bronzed complexion, luxuriant moustache, and the air of easy self-command that tells of travel, and experience in the ways and haunts of men.—Nor is this unusual bashfulness of Harry's merry little sister at all diminished by more than one glance of admiration and pleasure of which she has been conscious on the part of her old playmate.

"And now for thy story, my lad! Begin at the very beginning, an' tell us a' about thy goin' away, an' the money, an' why thou stayed away so long, an' a' the rest o' it!" says Farmer Pearson, impatient, as they are, for the clue to the mystery.

"It is but little I have to tell, my good friend," replies Richard, his face darkening at the thought of the cloud that has so long rested on his name, "but you shall know all as far as I know it myself; and what I cannot now explain, will very soon, I hope, be made clear to all of us. It will give you pain, my dear father," he continues, looking into the old man's face, to know that one whom you have sheltered and trusted for so long, is a heartless, designing villain; but the truth must be told, and if the consequences of his crimes falls at last on his own head, he will have only himself to blame for it."

"An' so it's that Jack Hill as ha' been at the bottom o' all the mischief, is it? Blame the fellow! I never could abide him!" cries the impetuous Farmer Pearson, while Farmer Mathews starts and turns pale at the name, "but what are we a' a-thinking of?" he continues, springing to his feet, "we ought to be lookin' arter that chap wi'out losin' a moment, or he'll be makin' off as soon as e'er he gets wind o' Dick's comin' home! Come, Harry, come Dick, come along both o' ye," he exclaims, hurrying off toward the door that leads to the interior of the house.

"Nay, father, we should only give the scoundrel the alarm, by going after him," returns Harry, hastily placing himself against the door; "we must leave him to Dawes and the Squire, who have plenty of hands with them, and have most likely taken him into custody by this time."

"God forgive me," murmurs Farmer Mathews, in a voice so low and horror-stricken as to be almost inaudible, and gazing on his son with a look of agonized inquiry, while Farmer Pearson and Harry resume their places, and Richard continues his narration.

"You all know how foolishly, in those old days, I had set my heart on going to sea; and how constantly I used to plague my father, to consent to my leaving home. This desire of mine was always encouraged to the utmost by Jack Hill, whose professions of regard for me, and of his wish to serve me with my father, had so entirely gained my confidence that I used to tell him all my troubles, and talk over all my projects with him. Whether it was I who first thought of running away, or he who put it into my head, I cannot now remember; but when I found it was impossible to obtain my father's consent to my going, it came to be a fixed plan between us, and we were constantly talking it over together.

"At length it was settled that I was to take the first opportunity of getting off, and that Jack Hill was to do his best to obtain my father's forgiveness when once I was gone and this he always assured me it would be easy to do when his first anger at my disobedience had passed off.

"Things had come to this point between us, and I had saved up my money until I had scraped together about five-and-thirty shillings to take with me, when John Douglass came as usual to the house. And so we settled that, as my father would be a good deal with him, thus making it easier for me to get away in case of another refusal, that I should make one last effort to obtain his consent. Accordingly, one day—when we had found that my father was going out next morning with John Douglass, and was to be away until night—we determined that this last effort should be made that very afternoon. You all remember, I dare say, what happened. I could not obtain from my father the permission I desired, and hard words passed between us, which I have bitterly repented of many a time since then," continues Richard, with a penitent glance at his father, who raised his hand with a faint, deprecating gesture, and utters some ejaculation inaudible to those around him, "and I made up my mind—backed, of course, by Jack Hill—to lose no more time, but to leave the next morning, as soon as my father and John Douglass should be out of the house; and thus make sure of a good start before their return. I

therefore put together the few things I meant to take with me; and Jack Hill helped me to make up a small bundle to be ready for the morning."

"Did you put the little black Bible, and a handkerchief of Aunt Mary's into your bundle, Dick?" asks Bessy, eagerly, interrupting him.

"Yes, I did; I felt that it would be such a comfort to have something to look at, to remind me of old friends and home. But why do you look so much surprised, and so shocked, my dear little sister? There would surely have been no great harm in my taking them, had I done so; but it so happened that I did not take them after all; for when Jack Hill came to fasten up the bundle, (and a very small one it was!) he persuaded me to let him take them out, that he might put them back into their places, lest they should be missed before I got off, and awaken suspicion of my plan. But why did you ask me this, Bessy?"

"Never mind, dear," returns Bessy, greatly relieved by this explanation, and her face having speedily lost the unusual length it had acquired a few moments ago, "never mind; you will know by and-by."

"The devil!" growls Farmer Pearson, in an indignant aside.

"I had no need to purloin anything of yours, Bessy!" continues Richard, with a smile. "You remember the lock of your hair, tied with a blue ribbon, that you gave me so many years before? And the little leathern purse given me, one Christmas, a long, long time ago, by my father? I took them with me, and I have them still."

"My poor Dick!" exclaims Father Mathews, in a low, self-reproachful tone.

"Well; the bundle was made up between us," continues Richard, "and Jack Hill and I took it down in the evening, to the Long Meadow, and hid it in the hay-stack, that stood in the corner of the field, close upon the L—— road. Next morning, when my father and John Douglass were gone, and every one was busy about the farm, I left the house, went down to the Long Meadow, took my bundle from the hay-rick, and set out on my journey.

"Jack Hill met me, as had been agreed upon, at the corner of the lane, just beyond the meadow. 'I have been thinking,' said he, 'that you ought not to go away with so little money, Dick. You know that I have not much to offer you; but I have brought this five pound note.' And with that he took a bank note out of his pocket, saying, 'just you give me whatever small money you have, and take this instead. You would be welcome to it all if you would accept it; but you're so proud I know it would be of no use for me to offer it.'

"At first I refused to make this arrangement, telling him it would be too bad to take his money, that he had worked so hard for; but he urged me so much to take it—declaring he should be so much hurt if I refused such a trifling service from an old friend like him—that, at last, not to vex him, I gave him all the money I had in my purse, and took the note instead. But I told him I only did it to please him, and on condition that I should repay him the loan with the first money I earned.

"'Oh, never mind about that,' said Jack Hill, looking, as I have often remembered since, greatly delighted when I had put the note carefully into my purse; 'you have paid me already!'

"'How so?' I asked, rather wondering what he meant.

"'Why, do I not owe everything I have to you? or, any way, to your father, so that it comes to the same thing,' he replied, wiping his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief.

"The devil!" again growls Farmer Pearson, while a movement of indignation and horror goes round the little circle. "Why, my lad, that very fi' pun' note, I'll bet any money, had been taken out o' John Douglass's pocket-book, wi' a lot more like it, by you curst scoondrel, only that mornin'!"

"I think we may safely conclude as much, from what 'Squire Southwood has told me of the robbery," replies Richard, "and it was no doubt with a view to fastening the crime upon me," he continues, his face flushing, and his eyes kindling with indignation at the thought of the treachery of which he has been made the victim, "that he urged me not to pass through L—— without calling at the Pig and Whistle, and getting a good meal there before I went any farther; 'as I must keep up my strength and spirits,' he said, 'if I meant to get off safely.' This I promised to do; and after shaking hands with him, I set off at a brisk pace for L——. A couple of hours' good walking gives a fellow a tolerable appetite; and as I meant to take the coach for a part of the way to Poole, I went to the inn, dined, changed the five pound note to pay for my dinner, and then walked some way out of the town on the Poole road, intending to let the coach overtake me, as I did not care to let the people at the inn know in which direction I was going.

"I had not walked far beyond the town, when I heard some one coming up behind me; I looked round, and saw a rough-looking fellow, who appeared to be a sailor. He soon came up with me, and remarked that, as we seemed to be going the same way, we might as well keep one another company. I did not much relish the proposal, but not wishing to affront him, I made no objection, and we walked on together.

"My new companion was very communicative; and told me that he belonged to the 'Sally Mason,' which he described as a splendid East Indiaman, lying at Southampton, waiting to complete her crew.

"'When will she sail?' I inquired, beginning to think it the luckiest thing in the world that I had fallen in with this man.

"'She'll sail as soon as ever she gets her crew aboard her,' he replied; 'and that won't be very long first, I reckon, for there's a whole party of us as I'm bound for—not far off neither—old hands and new uns as we've been picking up; and if the t'others as are out looking up the land-lubbers 's done as well as our set, I should say she might put to sea in less than a week.'

"'Do you think you could get me a berth in the Sally Mason?' I now ventured to ask; rather timidly, I fancy, for I was half afraid that my new acquaintance, who was a strong-built, muscular fellow, might consider me but an indifferent recruit. But, to my great relief, he held out his hand, and giving mine a pretty hard slap, he answered, 'not a doubt of it, my hearty, if so be as you're in earnest; and as jolly a berth as you'll find afloat. So come along with you!'

"He now informed me that he was going to join his party at a place agreed upon, about twenty miles farther on, near the shore; that we should pass the night there, and resume our journey next morning, adding the assurance that I might depend on a hearty welcome from my new comrades.

"So we walked on very briskly, on the best possible terms with each other; and I was very glad that my new friend, with a delicacy I had not expected, refrained from asking me any questions about myself.

"We had not gone very far before we left the high-road, and struck into a short cut (so he said) across the country.

"Presently he took a large jack-knife out of his pocket, and cut himself a stout walking-stick from a tree in the hedge. 'You've nothing like *that* about you, I'm thinking,' he remarked, carelessly, as he put the knife back into his pocket, showing his stick at the same time with an air of triumph.

"'No, I've only a small clasp-knife, but I think I could cut myself a pretty good stick with it, if I wanted one,' I answered, feeling in my pocket for it. To my surprise, I could not find it; and I remarked that I supposed I must have left it behind me.

"'It's no great loss, if you have,' he rejoined, rather contemptuously; 'a clasp-knife is all very well for a landsman, but we like something sharper and stronger aboard ship. You must get yourself one like mine at Southampton.'

"'What for?' I asked, in my simplicity.

"'Oh, for lots o' things,' he replied, 'as you'll soon find out when once you're aboard the 'Sally Mason.'

"'I don't know about that,' returned I, 'it strikes me, that a good clasp knife would be more convenient.'

"He gave a shrug, but said nothing; and we went on as briskly as before. It was now late in the afternoon, and he told me we had but a few miles farther to walk. This I was not sorry to hear, for I was getting tired.

"Presently he suddenly drew a pair of pistols out of one of his pockets, and asked me what I thought of them?

"'They look like very good ones,' I answered, after having examined them, 'but what can you want with pistols on ship-board?'

"'Why, nothing at all,' said he, putting them back carelessly into his pocket; 'I bought 'em yesterday, of an old acquaintance o' mine, who was so hard up for the rhino that he must forced me to take 'em for an old song, just to obleege him. But you're about right in saying them things ain't 'no use aboard ship; as for me, why I never fired a shot in my life; an' what's more, I don't b'leeve I could even load 'em proper. But I can sell 'em again, for four times what I gave for 'em; and that's just what I'm agoing to do the first chance I gets.'

"Well—to cut a long story short—we walked steadily on, and by nightfall found ourselves close upon the shore, at a place called, as my companion informed me, Loomies' Cave, where a sheltered creek runs up from the sea. (Here everybody exchanges significant glances with everybody, listening with increasing eagerness as Richard goes on.) It was as desolate a place as could well be found; not a house or a tree to be seen; but only a long, high ridge of sand-bank, and behind this, a bluff of steep, bare rocks.

"'But there's no inn here!' I exclaimed, greatly astonished at the bareness and wildness of the place of meeting.

"'We shall come to it in a few minutes,' said my guide, as he led the way behind the rocks until we reached a small patch of level ground, on which was a house that—even through the dusk that was now gathering fast around us—looked so utterly squalid and wretched that I could not refrain from expressing my surprise at its having been chosen for our rendezvous.

"'We sailors are not apt to be over dainty in choosing our lodgings,' returned my companion; 'but I were raised in this country, an' I know the place. I promise you we shall find a bench and a good supper.'

"As he said this, he paused, and gave a low whistle, upon which a dirty-looking woman came out of the house, and made some signal, which he seemed to understand, for he at once moved on towards the door.

"Greatly surprised at this proceeding, I inquired of my companion what it meant?

"'Why it means just this,' he replied, that when a party of our chaps has been and engaged a place all to ourselves, we likes to know as there's no strangers comin' in. But I see the coast's clear; so in with you,' he added, drawing aside as we reached the door, and motioning me to go in before him.

"On entering the house, I found myself in a dirty, wretched kitchen, where the woman who had answered my guide's whistle, was cooking some sort of stew over the fire. The thought of eating and passing the night in such a place, was anything than agreeable; but I felt that I must not be more squeamish than my future companions, and as I was by this time both tired and hungry, and the stew was giving out a not unsavory smell, I tried not to be particular, and seated myself on a long settee that stood against the wall. My companion, who had followed me closely, seated himself beside me; and taking out his pipe, lighted, and smoked away as though perfectly content with our quarters.

"We had not sat here long before I heard, outside the house, the same low whistle that had been made by my guide.

"'There they are, all right,' exclaimed my companion, without rising from his seat; while the woman laid down her ladle, and went out. 'That's one of our coves, he continued, 'you mustn't mind their bein' rather rough a' first; you'll find 'em a set o' jolly good fellows when you get used to 'em.'

"All this struck me as very odd; and joined to the loneliness and disreputable appearance of the place, began to make me a little uncomfortable. I saw at once that I had been very imprudent in putting myself so completely into the power of a set of men of whom I knew nothing, and whose movements seemed to be conducted with a degree of caution that I could not but regard as suspicious. I now bitterly regretted the loss of my knife, remembering that I had no weapon of any kind about me but my stick; whereas my companion was well supplied with arms. And it also occurred to me, that he had probably shown me these in order to let me know that he had them about him, and that he could no doubt make very good use of them notwithstanding his talk. All these thoughts flashed through my mind in an instant; and though it seemed very improbable that I should have been decoyed to this place for any evil purpose—for I could imagine no possible motive for such a course, on the part of my guide—I determined to be upon my guard, and to make my escape as quickly as possible, should anything occur to strengthen my suspicions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

### TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.


## PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," ANNA BLACKWELL, &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

### THE HAUGH AND THE UPLANDS.

**A VILLAGE TALE.**

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

The following will be published in due season:—

### THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

**A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.**

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

### FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"That Stream;" "A Cry for Work;" "Wedded and a Mother;" "Trifles;" "Lake Pepin;" "October;" "Comic Song;" "Come to me in Dreams;" "The Invitation;" "The Thoughts of Seventy-five."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

### THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

We design commencing Mr. Duganne's promised Novelet in our next number. We think it will be much liked by our readers. As its name implies, it is a historical novelet, and thus will blend instruction with its interest. Those wishing to subscribe to THE POST will find this an excellent opportunity to commence their subscription.

### MILLINERY FOR THE MILLION.

Housekeepers will be amused with an article on our outside pages, bearing upon the subject of the dress of domestics. It is from an English, or rather Scottish source, and, while stating the pro and con very fairly, does not venture to come to a decision. We believe, also, that a certain propriety should be observed by domestics in their attire—but any lady in this country who should presume to meddle with so delicate a subject, would be apt to find herself very soon without any help at all. In this country, the many are the sovereigns—and they know it.

But putting aside the question of propriety, there is the question of economy—which is not touched by the writer of the article alluded to. That is *the* question. In our opinion, it is perfectly preposterous for men and women earning from a dollar-and-a-half to five dollars a week and their board, to dress like those earning ten times as much, and even like people of independent fortunes. No wonder that hard times bring suffering to so many, when those who depend upon their daily labor for their daily bread, choose to attire themselves like lords and ladies.

### THE CLAIMS OF POVERTY.

As the times press hardly upon the laboring classes of the community, it is not to be wondered at, though much to be deplored, that words have been uttered at public meetings of the unemployed, both in this city and New York, which we are not accustomed to hear on this side of the Atlantic. At a meeting of Germans in this city, the idea that the government of the country was bound to supply them with either bread or work, was strongly insisted on; while in the city of New York, at a similar meeting of some four or five thousand men, the speakers went so far as to menace the storekeepers with the forcible wresting from them of their commodities, unless their wants were speedily relieved. This latter meeting marched at its conclusion to the City Hall, and through its leaders made a personal appeal to, or rather demand upon, Mayor Wood. Its spokesman, a German by the name of Buler, said:

Mr. Wood: You propose to communicate our memorial only next week to the Common Council, against which intention we must protest with all our power. *The people outside are hungry, and myself, the only protector of my family, with six children, being six weeks without working. We cannot wait so long in our present misery.* Why has the report on your message not yet been published? The Common Council appointed, long ago, a committee of five, and gave them orders to make their report on or before the first of November. Now, Mr. Wood, we are on the noon of the 5th, and no report has yet been given. The people cannot wait any longer. Their sufferings are cruel, and we cannot warrant that the people—their patience exhausted—should "help themselves" by employing physical power, with its unavoidable brutalities. He and his comrades of the committee had done all they could to keep the peace, but now the people ask for WORK or DEATH.

The Mayor, somewhat changed in his countenance by the ardor of this language, replied to the speaker quickly, yet very kindly:

In regard to these circumstances, he will promise to communicate the memorial of the meeting to the Common Council this very evening, urging them to decide without delay.

After some unimportant observations from the part of some other members of the committee, the deputies retired to the steps of the City Hall, where many speeches continued amid the hurrahs of the multitude.

Some orators explained the answers of the Mayor—exhorting the people to await patiently the decision of the Common Council, at their regular meeting of this evening.

Some voices: "We will hunger till Monday!" others, "No longer!"

At another meeting, some half hour afterwards, made up as we infer of the materials of the first, a Mr. Bowles, said to be a blacksmith, but *who wore very white linen cuffs, and had a very white cambric handkerchief* to wipe off the sweat of his brow, created by his speaking, spoke as follows:—

Already many were in want and suffering, and work they must and should have. It was impossible for him to say anything more than had already been stated at the other meeting. But he asked if it could be possible, that in a republican country, it should go abroad that the people were letting their poor fellow creatures starve at their doors? No, no, it must not be; it never should be. He urged the workingmen to get a banner, and parade the streets. He wanted to meet to-morrow morning, at Tompkins square, and then proceed in a body through the streets. Let them go to Wall street, and show those who have their pockets lined, that they wanted work. Let that be the inscription on the banner—"WE WANT WORK!" A committee of six should also be appointed to procure this banner, and meet the people to-morrow morning with it. If the meeting would appoint such a committee, he would not fail to work with them, and they would show to the world that they were honest men, and that all they wanted was work to keep them from starving. [Three cheers were here given for the blacksmith.] He continued: Could it be that in so glorious a city like this, so many poor unfortunate creatures would go begging through the streets? It could not be—it must not be. There were no doubt many who would help them, but some one was needed to show the rich that the poor were in want. *Well, then to Wall street they should go and proclaim their situation. The moneyed men must shell out to the poor; and if they would not the musket would be their resort!* There was no time to be wasted, and a committee should be immediately appointed to carry out their designs. [Cheers.]

A committee was then appointed to procure a banner.

The suggestions and recommendations the orators put forth were strange and startling.

"Why, men," said one fellow, who had mounted a post near the statue of Washington, "don't you know that there is, at this moment, between five and six millions of gold dollars in the vaults of the white house yonder, (pointing to the Assay Office,) and that money belongs not to the merchant princes of New York, not to the bulls and bears, but to the people. [Great cheering.] Why should the people starve then, when, within a quarter of a mile of this very spot, there are millions lying at their feet. It is locked up, to be sure; but, if love laughs at locksmiths, men, so does hunger." [Great cheering.]

Another suggested that the "gold in question" was not under the protection of Mayor Wood, or anybody else in the city of New York; that it was in the custody of Uncle Sam—and that if Uncle Sam was disposed to show fight, he would have to bring troops over from Governor's Island—and "what could they do before an army of five or ten thousand starving men and women?"

The meeting then adjourned, and in half an hour only stragglers remained in the Park.

The next day, according to agreement, a procession of several thousands formed, which marched through Wall street, and into the Exchange.

Mr. Schmidt, the originator of the movement, and leader of the previous demonstrations, then appeared:

He urged the crowd to abstain from any further proceedings until the decision of the Common Council, which cannot come off before Monday. Yet if they wished to demonstrate quietly, and march down town in a becoming manner, to show their destitution, he was willing to march down town with them, and to address them at the Merchant's Exchange; but he recommended them to beware of resorting to violence or bloodshed. You have nothing to gain, he remarked, by rioting, and if you resort to it the citizens will have no more sympathy with you. They will gather together, arm themselves, and shoot you down like dogs. [Great howling and groans. Cries—"Put him away." Another cried—"Then we can get into the stores."] He did not want their applause, but he deemed it his duty to caution them to remain orderly, and this was his well-meant advice, while he was advocating their cause. He did not wish them to starve, but he did not want either that they got into trouble or even get deprived of their liberty.

A strong feeling rapidly commenced to exist against this speaker, which was manifested by groans and hostile expressions of all kinds; and several said that they would insist upon having relief in some way.

Mr. Bowles then ordered a procession to be formed, which was done, and headed by a banner bearing the inscription "We Want Work," which was carried in front as the procession moved on.

About 11 o'clock, they poured into Wall street in procession, in masses—and in all the *courier* habiliments somewhat exaggerated beyond the natural costume, as in Paris, and in Vienna, in order to create a sensation. Nevertheless, there was nothing riotous or disorderly exhibited—but there was an evident reverence for the unaccustomed haunts of Wall street, and the purlieus of the Exchange.

At the Exchange, Mr. Bowles made a speech. He said:—

Our banner tells what we want. See it.—There it is!

"WE WANT WORK!"

—and *must* have it! [Applause.] We want work, and must have it, or we must die—or do worse, for we will never consent to starve to death in a country like this. We ask for nothing but what is right, and we mean to submit to nothing that is wrong. You owe us a living, and we mean to have it. [Loud applause.] We have come here among you, to show you, our fellow-creatures, what we are, and to demand of you what we must have—work, work, work—wherewith to earn bread and meat for ourselves, our wives, our little ones. We must and will have work or bread. [Tremendous applause.]

We will keep the peace—but we will show to the merchants and wealthy classes here before us that we are starving, with our wives and children—and that we must have relief.—All we want is work.

You wealthy men, here in this street, and hereabout, you have the power to relieve us, and you must do it. [Applause.]

There are twenty millions of dollars here in your street, idle, doing nothing, not circulating among the people, and you must circulate it among the people, so that we can get some of it to buy bread. [Tremendous applause.]

There are many in this crowd who would be glad if they had only a loaf of bread. [Some, but feeble signs of assent.]

We suppose, however, that we will have to starve—but no, no, no—we will not starve.—[Great bursts of applause.]

There are some who say we are the ignorant classes, who don't know how to keep the peace here, even here, in this place, with millions of money about us starving here, though, and yet we keep the peace.

We will increase in numbers every day—mark that—in numbers irresistible in strength, and we will march through the streets with these increased numbers, day after day.

You, my friends, boys, you will keep the peace, will you not? [Cries of "yes."] What we want is work, is it not, boys? It is all on that banner. Is it not there? [Cries of "yes," "yes," "yes."]

Here the banner was put ahead, and the crowd double filed up Wall street, through Nassau.

The astonishement of Wall street, its Bankers, Brokers, Bulls and Bears, was great, very great, and they hardly recovered from it for an hour. All sorts of business for the time was suspended, and the windows and steps of the buildings were crowded with human faces.

As to the "starvation" pleaded as a justification for these meetings and speeches and processions, we doubt the present truthfulness of the plea. We have reason to believe that in this city, and we have little doubt it is the same in New York, a very large amount of cold victuals can be collected by a diligent beggar in the course of a single hour. In fact, it is the rule with almost every housekeeper, to give eatables to those who apply for them, when there is reason to suppose they really are needed. Often, however, these victuals, if not exactly suited to the taste of the recipient, may be found afterwards in the adjacent gutter. Now that cold victuals are not so palatable as warm, we will admit—but still men who can get even cold victuals are not, speaking with proper correctness, in a state of starvation.

It is to be observed as somewhat singular, in this connection, that these meetings have been made up nearly altogether of foreigners. What is the reason of this? Are the mechanics, &c., of foreign birth, suffering more than the American? If they are, we cannot understand it—for they have the reputation of being able to live for less than the American workmen, and heretofore have been considered a very economical class. We fear that of late years, since lager-bier saloons, and gymnastic and musical associations, have become so common, that our German population especially is forgetting its old habits of thrift and economy.

One reason, it may be, that these meetings have not been participated in by American workmen, is that the latter have a clearer comprehension of the Republican character of our institutions. The speeches of the orators at these assemblages, however suitable and consistent if made in Berlin or Vienna, are sadly out of place here. Let us suggest a few views, in all kindness, for the consideration of these gentlemen.

In Europe, where the government is managed by the wealthier classes, and the working men have no control of political affairs, the latter have an undeniable right to demand of the authorities, in a hard season, to be supported. They may say, in effect:—"Gentlemen, you have taken the government, and the direction of our affairs, into your own hands—on the plea that we are not capable of managing them. By so doing, you have made yourselves responsible for our well-being. Now we want work and wages, and you must provide them for us. How it is to be done, is not our business. You are the thinking and governing and providing classes. You have taken the responsibility of our affairs, and if you have made any mistake in your plans, upon you, and not upon us, must fall the penalty." This, it seems to us, is both reasonable and consistent language—consistent with the great idea upon which all aristocratic institutions are based.

But these workingmen leave Europe, and come to the United States. Here they are soon admitted into all the privileges of citizenship—they take part in the elections, control thus the direction of affairs, and the Government becomes not their master, as at home, but their mere Agent. Not only is it their agent in this sense, but in an even more direct one—for probably nine-tenths of them generally attach themselves to the predominant party of the country. They are, therefore, both in theory and reality, THE STATE. Such being the case, what consistency is there in these Principals turning upon their mere Agent—upbraiding it by implication for doing what it was expressly directed to do—and demanding assistance in the same terms that they would use to the differently organized government over the water?

We have alluded to the great Idea upon which all aristocracies are founded. What is that Idea? The Idea that the masses of the working people are not capable of governing themselves, of managing their own great affairs; and, as a consequence, that it is absolutely necessary, and for the good of the masses themselves, that the government should be lodged in the hands of the intelligent classes. Thus all aristocracies consider themselves more or less parental in their character—and bound to provide for those under them as for so many grown-up children.

But the Idea upon which this American Government is based, is a very different one. It is that the masses of the people are capable of governing themselves—of managing their own affairs, small and great, individually and collectively.

Now, when any body of our citizens demand of the Government that it must furnish them with Bread or Work, are they not thereby making a public confession that they are incompetent to manage their own affairs? What say our German friends to this view of the matter?

Look at the facts. We suppose that the working classes of no country under the sun, since the very beginning of the world, ever have had such constant work at such high wages—measuring those wages by what they would bring in the shape of food, clothing, &c.—as the working classes of these United States for the last five years. Certainly, if ever an opportunity was given men for laying by something for a rainy day, it has been afforded all of us for the period mentioned. And yet, two months have barely flown since the good times vanished, and we have these menacing meetings in New York and Philadelphia. Surely there has been a great departure from the economic virtues on the part of the majority of those who allege that they are even now "starving." The Banks are blamed, the present Tariff is blamed, Credit is blamed, for the present "hard-times," by the holders of the meetings alluded to. But, if these, or any of these, are to be blamed, whose fault is it? Who made them or tolerated them, or allowed them to be made or tolerated. But we can tell these gentlemen that, while man continues the fallible being he is, hard-times *will* come—whether the currency be entirely Metallic, or partly Paper; or whether the Tariff be a Protective one, or a Revenue one; or whether there be no Tariff at all, and Free Trade be adopted. We do not mean to deny any influence to wise financial and commercial arrangements; we only mean that even perfect wisdom will never be able to devise a financial or commercial system competent to thoroughly prevent those sufferings which necessarily follow from the follies and excesses of men. When some plan is devised that will make all men honest and sagacious and prudent and economical—and *keep them so*—then may we look for an uninterrupted series of prosperous seasons, from the cradle of a man to his grave.

But as such a system cannot be speedily devised, and put into operation, we must even comfort ourselves for the present with the next best thing to it—the great Penal System of the Universe, which is constantly acting toward the same end. Hard times are an element in that Great System—and they do more toward teaching us to be sagacious, honest, prudent and economical in the future—and to keep us so—than any other means probably that could just now be adopted. For they are, as we have said, a portion of the Eternal System with all the other pains and sufferings that result from sin and folly—remedies not at all of a "philanthropic" and "rose-water" character, we admit; but which lay hold of a man with the savage earnestness of one snatching to save his children from the savage claws of some ruthless beast.

The farmer who saves not up of the fruits of a good harvest for the short-comings of a bad—the merchant who enlarges his style of living to the full limit of some prosperous year—the mechanic who spends weekly all he makes—like the bee and the ant who save not out of summer's wealth for winter's need, are taught by those stern teachers, Pain and Suffering, the culpable extent of their folly. These are Heaven's teachers, "who speak as never man spake"—and whose admonitions are heeded as man's seldom are.

And the theory of this government is to allow men the full benefit of these teachings. Whatever our people as individuals and private associations may do, the theory of the government is, to let men reap as they have sown. It looks upon all its citizens as full-grown men. It does not consider them as its children, for whose short-comings it, like a careful parent, must provide. In acknowledging the Individual Freedom of its members, it throws them fully upon their own Individual Responsibility. Only *incidentally* can it ever interfere in aid of the poor and the suffering, and be consistent with its own theory.

But do not misunderstand us. While such is the Idea of our *Government*—and while there is no absolute *claim* of any portion of our citizens upon another, either for work or wages, we recognize the great bond of human brotherhood, which binds man to man. Thus where there is no claim of *Right*, there may be an equally effective claim of *Suffering*. Charity comes in where Justice ends.

"The quality of Mercy is not strained.
It falleth like the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the earth beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

And when hundreds of our fellow creatures are suffering—even as the result of their own improvidence—others who feel that they themselves are by no means infallible, are enjoined by every consideration of brotherly and Christian feeling to extend the helping hand. The very weakness of our fellow men may be considered but as another token of their kindred to ourselves. And as the best men feel most deeply their need of mercy at the hands of the Great Judge, so will they be the freest at the proper time to extend the hand of mercy to others—remembering that "with the judgment they judge they shall be judged, and that the measure which they mete shall be measured to them again." Therefore we trust that all will be done which properly can be done, in aid of the suffering poor this coming winter; at the same time that we trust that ruffianly violence, and love of plunder, in the garb of poverty, will be sternly and immediately suppressed.

☞ Justice is a virtue of the mind, rewarding all men according to their worthiness.

### WOMEN FOR THE WEST.

The *Cincinnati Times*—somewhat to our surprise—discourages the movements in this city, designed to forward our unemployed female labor to the West. It says:—

"We do not know to what portion of the West the above article refers, but if it be anywhere in this vicinity the women in question had better be kept where they are now. There are hundreds of women here entirely out of employment, and they are likely to continue so until business affairs wear a different aspect from the present. In good times we can take care of all the women that may come along, but just now they had better stay at home."

If this be the case in the West generally, of course it would be absurd to attempt to supply a market already full. But, having travelled ourself through the West pretty extensively last summer, we beg leave to doubt that Cincinnati is, in this respect a fair specimen of the West generally. We apprehend that through the great agricultural districts, and in all the small towns and villages, there is a pressing demand for female labor. We know that the friends whom we met on our summer tour, complained universally of the difficulty of getting help—some being almost ready to pull up stakes and go back to the East, for this very cause.

Why even through the agricultural districts of our own State, there is a great want of female labor. In Ohio the want is still greater. In Indiana and Illinois still greater than in Ohio.

But our Western friends need not fear being overburdened with the supply. The great difficulty is, to get the unemployed to go into the country at all. We suppose many would rather go into a farm-house than starve—but we are afraid others would prefer to run the risk of starvation (or worse) in the city, than to go even twenty miles off into the country. Thus a correspondent of one of our daily papers says:—

There is work for every "industrious woman" in and around Philadelphia—*if they will take it.* Go to the intelligence and employment offices about the city; they are full of girls seeking places. Why do they not get them? Because they will not take them! *Very many of them will not go to the country at all for any wages*; they prefer to stay about the city, and live on their friends. Others again have their price, and will not go for less. Farmers and others are daily coming to the city, and offer to take those girls *without expense*, and give them employment, at from seventy-five cents up to one dollar and a quarter per week, in addition to their board. But they won't go! they want $1 50 and $1.75, and are *very particular at that!* Now, to send such to the West on a *trip of adventure* is folly in the extreme. They are needed here if they will take reasonable wages.

We are afraid the above is too true. The case of a city home, where everything is "so convenient," and where there is plenty of "society" to see the beautiful silks and ribbons the domestics wear nowadays, weighs heavily against what they believe—oftimes rather unreasonably—the "hard work" and "drudgery" of a country life. It will take, we fear, a little touch of starvation itself, to drive many of our domestics westward. Still we should like to see proper opportunities provided for those who are not afraid of a little "hard work" in a farm-house, when the alternative is idleness or dependence in the city.

### THE TIMES.

It is pleasant to be able to chronicle a continued improvement in the money market. The constant flow of the precious metals into the country, has already had considerable effect upon financial affairs. Stocks still have an upward progress, and it is evident that private capitalists are beginning to seek investments, as they regain their confidence in various kinds of securities. It seems to be generally admitted that we have touched the bottom of the difficulty, and that henceforward business affairs must, perhaps rather slowly, but surely mend.

High Rates of Interest.—The Bank of England has raised its rates to 8 per cent., the Bank of France to 7½ per cent., and the Bank of Hamburg to 9½ per cent. In view of the recent doubling of the general rates of interest in Europe, it becomes a question whether the legal rate in this State, six per cent., is not lower than what capital is fairly worth. Strange that the great increase of late years of the amount of coin and bullion, should thus have produced a corresponding increase, instead of decrease, of the rates of interest. We suppose it is in consequence of the immense impetus given by the abundance of capital to the business of the world.

## New Publications.

The Drama of the American Revolution, By Cyrus Jeffries, M. D., (Dayton, Ohio,) is the title of the first volume of a work which puts our revolutionary history into epic form, with what success the curious reader may judge upon perusal, and can perhaps infer without venturing beyond the title page.

Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a family directory, in the useful, ornamental, and domestic arts.

Sketches by Boz, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.) is uniform with the cheap edition of Dickens.

The Fathers of the German Reformed Church in Europe and America, By Rev. H. Harbaugh, A. M., (Sprenger & Westhaeffer, Lancaster, Pa.,) is a garland of biographies of such men as Zwingli, Melancthon, Bucer, and Farel in the old world, and Boehm, Brandmiller, Rauch and Wirtz, in the new.

The Westminster Review for October, may be had of Mr. W. B. Zieber, Philada.

☞ Jeremy Taylor, speaking of marriage, says—"It is not written that in the beginning God created man rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them." There is a pretty long sermon in a few words.

☞ Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

☞ A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same andante key.—*Walpole.*

☞ A Disinterested Desire.—"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

### DIVINATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

*Mr. Editor*:—I annex a solution of the problem or puzzle in your issue of to-day, extracted from "Notes and Queries," headed "Divination." It is truly a simple affair, when the principles involved are known, but it was a master mind that developed those principles. The first part, or subtraction of two arrays of figures composed of the same digits differently arranged, involves some of the mystic properties of the number nine. It will be found in all such cases, that the remainder, no matter how the component figures are arranged, can be divided by nine without a remainder. Let this be borne in mind, and proceeding to the second part, take notice that the "father's, mother's, and Apostles'" names, are merely a blind to mystify the reader. When any number is multiplied by four, then inverted and multiplied by five, the united products are also divisible by nine without remainder. Consequently, any number added thereto less than nine, will, on division, be left as a remainder. Now add this to the remainder of your first subtraction (or intersperse the figures, the result is the same,) and of course on dividing by nine, the number thought of will be the remainder, or if there is *no remainder* the number thought of was evidently nine.

The easiest process of division is as follows, taking for example the figures of the problem given:—

3 1 1 8 2 4 5 7 3 6 4

Add the single figures to make up nines and cross them out, you will find that the 8 is left, which is the number thought of.

Have I made it plain? Mary ———.

*Louisville, Ky.*

### HOW IT IS DONE.

*Mr. Ed. Sat. Eve. Post*:—That piece of conjuring committed by a friend, is done up by taking the list of figures and putting one above another (draw a line underneath) and the amount is 44; divided by 9, leaves 8 for a remainder, which is the number first thought of and put by—am I right?

*Shelbyville, Ind.* Ruth Hallowell.

HEART DEATHS.

Hearts oft die bitter deaths before,
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er,
Ere the last evening gray.

I've sometimes looked on closed eyes
And folded hands of snow,
And said, "It was no sacrifice;
The heart went long ago."

Oh, blest were we if every pang,
Like harshest discord given,
Proved a celestial bird which sang
And lured us up to heaven!

☞ The Japanese have a tradition that Birds of Paradise are transmigrated doves that have died for love; and though their mates never see them again in their transformed state, yet when they hear their note in the sky, it inspires the deserted dove with such delight as to make it unable to cease flying in circles through the air for several hours.

☞ A letter was lately found, in which one friend spoke so freely of another that it led to an irreconcilable quarrel. "I am surprised," observed W., "that such bitter hostility should arise out of so trivial a cause." "I am not at all," replied J.; "it is quite natural; for a *friend* becomes a *fiend* if you drop a letter."

☞ A young lady can only look charming at so much per yard. A pretty miss in calico is a lovely woman in silk, and a charming girl in muslin is an angel in satin. At least she thinks so, and, as she is accustomed to say, who would dare to contradict a lady? More than once I have tried to get my wife to purchase a handsome article of calico, and have it made into an elegant fitting dress, and then accompany me to church in it, but to no purpose. She would consider it a desecration of the Sabbath.

☞ If you would not have affliction visit you often, listen at once to what it teaches.

☞ We have lately heard of a minister named Craig, who purchased a whistle, and, when his hearers went to sleep, he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awake, and stood up to hear him. "You are certainly smart specimens of humanity," he said, as he slowly gazed at his wondering people; "when I preach the Gospel, you go to sleep; when I play the fool, you are wide awake."

SEEMING.

All live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service. All admit it,
All practise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state. So wags the world.
—*Old Play.*

☞ A man who marries a frivolous flirt "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

☞ By the aid of a microscope the mouldy substance on damp bodies sometimes appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers and fruit can be plainly distinguished.

☞ Old gentleman (affectionately)—"My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco?" Precocious youth (stiffly)—"To get the juice out of it, old codger!"

☞ Wideswarth discourseth on a matter consonant with the times:—

Oh, the wild fever of this mad unrest,
When baffled man, amid his hopes and fears,
Smites in despair his over-anxious breast
Not knowing in the dark which way he steers;
With brokers on his lee, and subtle sands
That late seemed stones but now prove naught but stocks,
He wrings imploringly his trembling hands,
And, just like those in Scripture, prays the rocks
May fall upon him—but prefers the sort
From California; and, howe'er their power,
'Twould be to him, just now, delightful sport
To stand and weather the auriferous shower,
Begging propitious Fortune to let down
Boulders of any size—he'll risk his crown.

☞ True joy is a serene and holy emotion, and they are miserably out who think laughing wicked, or a sign of an unholy heart.

☞ A shirk is defined by the lexicographers to be one who seeks to avoid his duty. The world is full of people who answer this description. They are to be met with in the public and private walks of life alike. The shirk it to be found in the field, the workshop, the counting-house, the legislative hall, the court-house, and elsewhere. Even the pulpit is not always free from his presence.

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

Freaks of the Weather—An Imperial Frolic—A Hint to the Ladies—An Agreeable Neighborhood—Vive la Ristori!

*Paris, Oct. 22, 1857.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

So fine an autumn as the present has hitherto been is hardly remembered by "the oldest man" of this generation. Not only have fruit-trees been in blossom a second time in various parts of the country, but even now, when the leaves are falling, brown and baked by the heat to which they have been subjected, young leaves are coming out on the leafless boughs, so that, in many places, the trees look as though we were in the beginning of Spring rather than of Winter. But, though the middle of the day is still delightfully bright and warm, the fogs and chilly air of morning and evening are warning us that these fine appearances are not to be trusted. Carts of wood are creeping heavily through the streets, and the sound of the saw is frequent in the courts of the houses, and on the pavement before their doors. The chestnut roasters have also made their appearance within a few days; infallible sign that Summer has betaken herself elsewhere.

The Emperor and Empress have left St. Cloud, with "the child of France"—who is beginning to walk alone—and have gone to the hunting chateau of Compiegne, a stay at which residence generally concludes their Summer journeyings. They are to return to Paris in a month, and "the great world" with them; after which we shall all settle into cloaks and great coats for the Winter, and resume the city life broken up so completely by the heat and the *villegiature* of the last six months.

In a late letter I alluded to the determined way in which the Empress continues to amuse herself whenever she can find, or make, any pretext for getting up something new. By all accounts, she has succeeded, this Summer, in doing so to her heart's content.

The French ladies are often good swimmers, and it seems that the Empress Eugenie is no less at home among waves than on horseback. Moreover, as is generally known, she likes to amuse herself in many ways not always in strict conformity with the prescriptions and restrictions of courtly etiquette. If, at Fontainebleau, she managed so far to set aside these restrictions as to make the Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine, and the other great people there assembled, play at Prisoner's Base, and lay siege to a hillock in the park, defended by herself and her ladies, it will be readily imagined that her long rustication at her marine villa of Biarritz, in the absence of her graver spouse, and with a notable relaxation of the formalities with regard to which he is believed to be somewhat exacting, afforded her many opportunities, not likely to be thrown away, for diverting her Imperial self much as though she were still the dashing Eugenie de Montijo.

Swimming in the open sea, as I learn from one who was at Biarritz at the time, and was an eye-witness of much that went on in the neighborhood of the villa, was a favorite exercise of the Empress and many of her ladies, who appear to be perfectly accomplished in that useful art. Wishing to vary the monotonous character of her baths by the infusion of the dramatic element into them, the Empress one day bethought her of contriving a shipwreck for herself and her suite, who would thus have the excitement of swimming for their lives, combined with the pleasureable certainty of reaching the shore in perfect safety. To this end, she caused a boat to be prepared in such a manner as that, on a signal from herself, the bottom would fall apart, and all on board her be precipitated into the water. This ingenious idea was carried out with great success. The Empress and her ladies, in their usual neat and convenient bathing costume, got into the boat and put out to sea; and when the boat was a few hundred yards from the shore, down went the floor, and away went the whole merry troop into the water, splashing about like so many ducks, and laughing and shouting like so many children let loose from school, (the Empress's voice laughing out as delightedly as any of them) and all making for the shore as fast as the science of the frogs could carry them.

A second boat accompanied the swimmers, ready to extend all necessary aid, should such be called for. But nothing of the kind was needed; and my informant, who had the fun of watching the whole affair from a neighboring rock, and with the aid of a glass, had the additional satisfaction of seeing the whole party reach the beach by the villa in perfect safety, and seemingly in a state of great exhilaration at the success of their frolic.

Every human being ought to be able to swim. Not only would the possession of this power by women be the means of saving a vast number of lives, but the mere knowledge that, in case of necessity, women could use their muscles as well in the water as on the land, would do away with much of the anxiety felt by all parties on the approach of danger at sea. Nor is it only as a resource in case of accidents too often recurring, that the acquisition of the art of swimming should be urged on the attention of women. Considerations of health and pleasure concur in this matter with the obvious dictates of prudence and common sense. The mere dip in the sea which constitutes, in general, all that a lady understands by "sea-bathing," must evidently be a very different affair from a swim, in which, instead of the body being subjected passively to the shock of the water, the most active exercise of all its muscles is combined with the action of the new element upon its surface; while of the comparative amount of pleasure to be derived from these two modes of immersion, all swimmers will probably be found to hold the same opinion. Some lady friends of mine, residing near the sea, and having learned to swim in a large pond in their own grounds, traversed by a brook, have been in the habit of going to the shore, where they exercise their newly-acquired powers among the surf and commotion of a bold and rocky coast. These ladies were eloquent in praise of their swimming-baths, which they pronounced to be infinitely more agreeable than ordinary bathing. The exercise itself they considered to be exhilirating and delightful, and regarded its effect on the health as immeasurably superior to that of bathing. They assured me that they should have no fear of being able to gain the shore if wrecked anywhere within a few miles of land; and one of them, the mother of a numerous family, expressed her confidence that, should such an unfortunate necessity arise, she would be able to swim for a considerable distance, in the open sea, with one of her children clinging to her shoulders.

The singular lawsuit, mentioned in my last letter as about to be tried at the coming assizes of the old city of Laon, so renowned for its heroic struggles for municipal enfranchisement during the Middle Ages, is not the only remarkable case inscribed upon the criminal calendar of that town; for a certain Lemaire, chief of a gang of most audacious robbers, will then be placed on his trial, with a number of his accomplices.

The greater number of these criminals are inhabitants of the neighboring communes of Visly, Harbonnieres-en-Santerre, and Rozieres.

This latter locality is the head quarters of the famous association of ruffians who, in 1821-2, spread terror throughout the whole of the surrounding country, pillaging, burning and assassinating, with an audacity that seems incomprehensible at the present day, and setting at defiance all the efforts of the local police to put a stop to their doings. These men seemed to be utterly hardened to murder, killing their victims for the veriest trifle; a few francs, or household furniture of no greater value. Like the present gang, two women belonged to the party, and were among the most active and ruthless of them all.

This formidable band always laid its plans with skill, and the utmost precaution, posting sentinels around the scenes of its crimes, and constantly managing to baffle the vigilance of the local police.

The crimes committed by this mysterious band became at length so numerous and so frightful, that an agent was sent from the Paris police with a view to the discovery of some clue to its members. This agent, who was long believed in that region to be the famous Vidocq, contrived to put himself on the track of the association, and at length succeeded in getting himself admitted into the fraternity. For some time he was obliged to take part in their nocturnal expeditions, aiding and abetting them in the robberies they committed. In this way he acquired sufficient influence with them to prevail on them to abstain from murdering those whom they robbed, and was able to save the life of a woman whose house they had pillaged, and whom they contented themselves with shutting up in her cellar instead of killing her, as they had intended to do.

The aim of the agent in this course of action was to get the entire band into a trap, so as to secure them all at one blow; by no means an easy matter to accomplish. Yet his persevering ingenuity was at last rewarded by success.

He suggested to the band the idea of making a descent on the dwelling of an old man who lived in the village of Berny, was believed in the country—where he held considerable landed property—to be very rich, and whose known avarice had led to a general belief that he was in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house. This project was received by the band with acclamations, and the robbery, though a difficult and daring one, was speedily resolved upon.

While the association was busy in preparing for the perpetration of this new crime, the agent was equally busy in preparing the trap into which he was leading them. Several brigades of gens d'armes were privately introduced into the house of the intended victim, with orders to show themselves at the first discharge of firearms, a strong force of the *gend'armerie* was hidden in the bed-room of the old miser, charged with the especial care of his safety.

In the middle of the night, the whole band entered the house, and proceeded at once to the miser's bed-room. One of the two old hags who formed part of the band, was clamorous for the death of the miser, whose bedclothes she was bent on appropriating to herself. One of the ruffians who seemed disposed to follow her advice, was just advancing towards the bed, when the agent shot him through the head. The *gens d'armes* at once sprang from their hiding places, and a frightful struggle took place between them and the robbers. It is said that the agent had contrived to persuade the latter to come unarmed, which is scarcely probable; but however this may be, the *gens d'armes* had the upper hand, and would probably have arrested them all, but for a singular oversight on their own part. They had neglected to fasten the doors; so the robbers all got off, with the exception of one, who was killed in the affray.

The old woman who had urged the murder of the miser had been wounded by a cut from a bayonet. She was arrested next morning in her bed, where she was laid up with her wound, which she pretended to have got by falling on a stake, when climbing a fence. The rest of the band were speedily seized, with the exception of one of them, who managed to give the slip to the agents of the law.

The trial of these ruffians took place at Amiens. Twenty of the culprits were sent to the galleys, and seven of them, including the old woman who had urged them to murder the miser, and the one who had effected his escape, were sentenced to death. The latter was never heard of from the night of his flight; the other six were executed at Roziers.

This terrible example was insufficient to deter the children and relatives of the members of the gang from following in the same career of crime. In 1832, the same region was the scene of the exploits of a second association, comprising several descendants of these malefactors, but which confined itself to robbery, and stopped short of murder. The band of criminals about to be brought up for trial at Laon, is recruited from the same locality, and like its predecessors of 1821-2, consists of ruffians who extended their operations in every direction from their central point, executing their nefarious projects in groups, murdering for the most trifling gain, and filling the whole locality with horror and desolation.

In striking contrast with this story of vulgar and audacious crime is the incident which has just occurred in Madrid, where Madame Ristori, in the hey-day of a triumph second to none of the successes which have marked her career in the principal capitals of Europe, has shown that her heart is equal to her talent.

In a letter, addressed to a friend in this city, which is just going the rounds of the journals here, she recounts how, about ten days ago, she was dressing for her first appearance in *Medea*, when she was waited upon by a number of persons who informed her that a young soldier, of excellent character, had been condemned to death for having drawn his sword against his sergeant, who had previously insulted and struck him. The Queen had been petitioned in vain to commute the punishment, and these persons assured the tragedian that their only hope was in her.

"But what can I do in such a case?" demanded la Ristori, greatly astonished, but most anxious to learn in what way she could be useful to the unfortunate soldier.

"The Queen admires you so enthusiastically that she will pardon him if you intercede for him."

"I felt my blood run hot and cold," says Mme. Ristori, "at this suggestion. What right had I, a stranger, who had played before the Queen but once, to suppose that she would deign to accord me such a favor. How I finished my toilet I cannot say, for I was in a fever of agitation and anxiety. I went through the first act as though I were in a dream; the Queen was in her box, and applauded me in the most cordial and condescending manner; at last she sent me a magnificent bouquet, with a most kind and gracious message. I at once determined to risk everything for the poor fellow whose relatives were waiting behind the scenes, their last hope fixed on me. I sent to pray her majesty to grant me an audience in her box. She sent me word to present myself, and I hastened to use the permission. Entering the royal box, in my stage costume, just as I was, I fell on my knees, and seizing the Queen's hand, which I covered with tears and kisses—for I was no longer mistress of my emotion—I prayed her, if my poor talents had found any grace in her sight, to grant me the life of this young soldier. 'He has served your majesty faithfully for many years; his conduct has been excellent, save in this deplorable circumstance. Let your gracious heart speak for him and forgive him, and he will serve your majesty with the devotion of his whole lifetime!' I cannot describe the Queen's kindness. She raised me up, with the most gracious words, and granted the life of the young soldier in the noblest and readiest manner. I leave you to judge of the tumult that filled the theatre when his pardon was announced. It seemed as though the people would have carried me in triumph. It was the proudest and happiest moment of my life; and to the end of my days I shall never forget it!"

Of course the generous artist is now the idol of the Madrilenes, and the Queen has sent her a crown of golden leaves encircled with jewels. Many a crown in this world of ours has been less nobly won. QUANTUM.

☞ A Mr. Kennard having proposed to re-establish the "Cork Screw propeller line of steamers," a wit observes that Mr. Kennard ought to select another name for his line, as the "Collins" line of ocean steamers is best entitled to the name of "*Cork Screw*," from its great success in *drawing* Congressional appropriations.

☞ Extremes Meet.—The following dialogue ensued a few evenings since between the custodian of the Free Public Library at Norwich and an applicant for literary information: Applicant—"Have you Jack Sheppard?" Custodian—"No." Applicant (promptly)—"Then bring me Paradise Lost." Rather an extensive course of reading.

☞ 1st. What is a slur? Almost any remark one singer makes about another. 2nd. What is beating time? Singing so fast that time cannot keep up with you. 3rd. What is a rest? Going out of the choir to get some refreshment. 4th. What is a staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff, because dissatisfied with the leader's requirements. 5th. What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his own ignorance.

☞ What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of time by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having his eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth, misses nothing that he can fairly lay his hands on.

☞ Great souls attract calamity as mountains the thunder cloud; but while the storm bursts upon them, they are the protection of the plain beneath.—*Jean Paul.*

☞ Dr. Hancock, an old English writer on water, gives an account of a woman who in the great plague of London obtained, through her husband, a pitcher of water from Lamb's conduit, and drank plentifully of it, not avoiding the cold, and so did not sweat, but was however cured of the malady.

"The glowing coal,
O'er which the frozen beggar spreads his hands,
Is of one essence with the diamond
That on the haughty forehead of a queen
Trembles with dewy light" —*Alex. Smith.*

☞ Old Isaac Watts was not always grave and serious. When only eight years of age, he won the prize of a copper for the following effusion:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

☞ Brown says that though "brevity is the soul of wit," it is "no joke" to be "short" on change.

☞ "I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed:—'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his verdict with me.'"

☞ A celebrated Frenchwoman said that the greatest blessing woman can receive on earth, is the continuance of the affection of her husband after marriage.

☞ The bridal veil originated in the custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held over the bridegroom and the bride, to conceal the blushes of the latter. At the marriage of a widow it was dispensed with.

☞ The sage relishes what is without savor. He avenges the injuries he receives by benefits. He begins by easy things, when he meditates difficult things; by small things, when he meditates great.

### THE RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer has brought to light a letter, written in 1778, by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, the Cicero of the Revolution, to his sister, Mrs. Hannah Corbin, of Richmond, Va. From certain expressions in this letter, it is apparent that Mrs. Corbin had urged upon her brother the justice of the claim of widows who were taxed for the support of government, to vote for representatives, using the argument which was the main-spring of the Revolution, that "representation and taxation should go together." Mr. Lee did not see that the doctrine of representation prohibited widows, having property, from voting; but it was contrary to custom, in this country and England, and he suggests as a reason for the omission, that "*perhaps* 'twas thought *rather* out of character for women to press into those tumultuous assemblies of men where the business of choosing representatives is conducted."

The writer who introduces this letter has obtained from a gentleman in New Jersey some facts respecting the exercise of the franchise by women in that State. By the constitution adopted July 2, 1776, the privilege of voting was accorded to "*all inhabitants of full age*," who were worth £50 proclamation money, clear estate, and who had resided a certain time within the country. As this could be construed to include women, in 1790 a prominent Quaker member of the Assembly, who was on a committee to frame an election law had sufficient influence to have the act so drawn as to read "he or she" when referring to qualified voters—the reason for his action being probably the fact that females are allowed to vote in the religious assemblies of Friends. No charge of this phraseology was made until 1807, and women often voted when the elections were close or there was any special excitement. In the Presidential contest of 1800 there were many instances of their voting in different parts of the State. At an election in Hunterdon county in 1802 even some women of color were allowed to vote, and their ballots elected a member of the Legislature.

In the year 1800 a new court house and jail were to be erected in the county of Essex, and their location was to be decided by a vote of the people. Strenuous exertions were made to have them located elsewhere than at Newark, and the contest created great excitement throughout the county. When the election was held, women of "full age," whether single, or married, possessing the required property qualifications, were permitted by the judges of the election to vote. But as the conflict proceeded, and the blood of the combatants waxed warmer, the number of female voters increased, and it was found that *every* single and *every* married woman in the county was not only "of full age," but also worth "fifty pounds proclamation money, clear estate," and, as such, entitled to vote if they chose. So apparent were the frauds practised at this election, that the next Legislature set it aside, and left the buildings to be erected in Newark. An act was also passed restricting the right of suffrage to free white male citizens of twenty-one years. And thus was extinguished female suffrage in New Jersey.

☞ "Is a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

☞ Here are two new and very good anecdotes of Douglas Jerrold. When a plain, not to say ugly, gentleman intimated his intention of being godfather to somebody's child, Jerrold begged him not to give the youngster his "mug." A wild Republican said profanely that Louis Blanc was "next to Jesus Christ." "On which side?" asked the wit.

☞ The elastic tissue packed within each hoof of a horse is so folded backward and forward, that it would present a surface of four feet square were it spread out. Thus his limbs and the entire weight of his body rest on spring cushions packed in boxes.

☞ Mankind should learn temperance from the moon; the fuller she gets, the smaller her horns become.

"An!" exclaimed one of John's admiring friends,
He's got the law *right at his finger's ends.*"
"Yes—and he needs it there," responded Ned,
"He's got but little of it in *his head!*"

☞ Socrates termed philosophy the preparation for death; but should it not rather be styled the patient endurance of life?

☞ Every one ought to have a wife. If a man is happily married, his "rib" is worth all the other bones in his body.

☞ The man who builds a house and does not provide for its sufficient drainage and ventilation entails the generation and propagation of many diseases, and more especially of fever, on children yet unborn.

☞ No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—*South.*

☞ A bankrupt, on being condoled with for his embarrassment, replied, "Oh, I am not at all embarrassed; it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

☞ A young English gentleman has recently enlisted in the army, giving as a cause, a "step mother and three servants."

☞ Lord Bacon assigned as a reason why the science of medicine had not advanced and kept pace with the other sciences, that "physicians had reasoned in a circle and not in a line." Dr. Benjamin Rush compared the same science, as practised in his day, to "an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides, and rotten at the foundation."

☞ A dandy lately appeared in Iowa with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had *no visible means of support.*

☞ Enjoyment is more durable than pain. The one is the immortal firmament, and the other the transient clouds which darken it for a time.

☞ It is a universal rule, which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.—*Michelet.*

☞ A man without a predominant inclination, is not likely to be either useful or happy; he who is everything, is nothing.—*Sharp.*

## ANECDOTES OF AARON BURR

A memoir of Aaron Burr, by James Parton, gives the following anecdotes of that personage:

He rose at the dawn. A breakfast of an egg and a cup of coffee sufficed for this most abstemious of men; after which he worked among his papers for some hours before his clerk and assistants arrived. He was a hard task-master; he "kept us all upon the jump." All day he was despatching and receiving messages, sending for books, persons and papers: expecting every command to be obeyed with next-to-impossible celerity, inspiring every one with his own zeal, and getting a surprising quantity of work accomplished. "He was *business incarnate*," said my informant. About ten in the evening he would give over, invite his companions to the sideboard, and take a single glass of wine. Then his spirits would rise, and he would sit for hours telling stories of his past life, and drawing brief and graphic sketches of celebrated characters with whom he had acted. Often he was full of wit and gaiety at such times; "the liveliest fellow in the world;" "as merry as a boy;" "never melancholy, never ill natured." About midnight, or later, he would lie down upon a hard couch in a corner of his office, and sleep like a child until morning. In his personal habits he was a thorough-going Spartan; eating little, drinking little, sleeping little, working hard. He was fond of calculating upon how small a sum life could be supported, and used to think that he could live well enough upon seventy-five cents a week.

Of Burr's inconsiderate generosity, numerous instances are given. Nothing would cure him of it. Indeed, the "vice of improvidence" is always incurable. Often reduced to the direst extremity for want of money while in Europe, he becomes possessed of twenty-five dollars, and magnificently lends fifteen of it to the first needy acquaintance whom he meets. On his return from Europe, penniless, he sells some books in Boston, and receives thirty dollars for them. Half this sum he lends at once to his landlady. It was repaid just as his store was reduced to a half dime. Then a fellow-passenger called to borrow ten dollars of Mr. Arnot, (the name assued by Col. Burr on leaving London,) which that gentleman lent with the air of a Vice President. At seventy five, most men are prudent in money-matters, if ever. Colonel Burr, at this age, displays the quality in the following manner: Receiving one morning a large amount of money in bills, he takes from the roll a fifty-dollar note, and puts it between the leaves of a law book, replacing the book on the shelf, and depositing the rest in the middle of the table. By three o'clock this pile has been distributed among the daily concourse of begging visitors. At four, having to go to Albany, he looks for his "deposit" on the table, and finds nothing. An examination of his pockets produces only a few coins. "Bless me!" he exclaims, to the wife of his partner, who had watched his pecuniary transactions during the day: "I have to go to Albany in half-an-hour, and have no money. Could madame lend him ten dollars? Madame could not. Would madame oblige him by stepping over and asking her good mother to lend him that amount? Madame was of opinion that her good mother would not lend Colonel Burr any *more* money. He was at his wits' end. At length she said:

"But, colonel, what are you going to do with the fifty dollar bill in that book yonder?"

"Oh, I forgot," he said; "I put it there this morning on purpose. What a treasure you are to remind me of it!"

One morning, near the close of his life, as he lay upon his bed prostrate with paralysis, a lady said to him, in a bantering way,

"Colonel, I wonder, now, if you ever *were* the gay Lothario they say you were?"

The old man turned his eyes, the lustre of which was undiminished still, toward the friend who made the remark, and lifting his trembling finger, said, in his quiet, impressive whisper which still lingers in her ears, and which brought tears to her eyes twenty years after, as she repeated the words:

"They say! *they say!* THEY SAY! Ah, my child, how long are you going to continue to use those dreadful words? Those two little words have done more harm than all others. Never use them, my dear! *Never* use them!"

Much has been said regarding the letters which, after Burr's death, fell into the hands of his executor, and for destroying which, Mr. Davis claims so much credit. Of these, Mr. Parton says:

"Before Mr. Davis received any of Burr's letters or papers, they were carefully examined by two persons, one of them a male relative of Colonel Burr's, and the other a lady who had an especial and honorable motive for examining every one of them, especially those addressed to and received from women. One of these persons still lives; her positive and circumstantial evidence, added to that already given, enables me to assert, what I now do assert, that Mr. Davis was utterly mistaken as to the character of the letters to which he alludes. *He received no letters necessarily criminating ladies!* There are persons to whom every act of gallant attention looks like an invitation to love. They cannot conceive of affection between the sexes free from passion. They know very well what turn *they* would give to such attachments, if they possessed the power to charm and win the fair, and it is but natural they should misinterpret the gallantry of others."

Is not the following a happy instance of turning an awkward slip of the tongue into a delicate compliment? If ladies like flattery, such a man would be a favorite with them:

Passing in Broadway a maiden lady of a certain age, whom he had not seen for many years, she accosts him with,

"Colonel, do you not recollect me?"

"I do not, madame."

"I am Miss K——, sir," said she.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Miss K—— *yet?*"

"Yes, sir," replied the lady, a little offended, "Miss K—— *yet.*"

Perceiving the error he had committed, he gently took her hand, and said, in his bland, emphatic manner,

"Well, madame, then I venture to assert that it is not the fault of *my* sex!"

Returning from a professional visit to Orange county, in the seventieth year of his age, he was compelled to ask shelter for himself and man from a severe storm, at a farmhouse. On entering the house, he noticed casually a plaster-bust standing on a shelf in the corner.—Turning again to ascertain which of the national favorites it was whom the old lady had chosen to adorn her abode, he was astonished to discover that it was a bust of himself.

"What!" said Burr, to his hostess, "have you got that vile traitor here?"

The woman paused in her work as he uttered these words. Her manner changed in a moment. Putting down some plates which she had in her hand, she walked slowly up to the fire where he was sitting, and standing before him, said, with intense emphasis,

"Sir, I have taken you in to night, and have done the best I could for you; but if you say another word against Aaron Burr, I'll put you and your man out where you came from quicker than you came in!"

He apologized, and, after a time, succeeded in regaining her good will. He did not tell her who he was, nor could he recollect her.

Always bearing his own troubles manfully, he never liked to hear others complain.

On one occasion, when a friend had met with an affliction, see said to him:

"Oh, colonel! how *shall* I get through this?"

"Live through it, my dear," was his emphatic reply.

Still complaining, she said,

"This *will* kill me, colonel! I know I cannot survive *this*."

"Well," said he, "*die*, then, madame; we must all die; but bless me, die game."

This was the lady whose unremitting kindness and filial affection almost supplied to Burr the place of his lost darling, Theodosia, for the last year of his life. Her house, in Stone street, New York, was his home, until he removed to Port Richmond, some three months before his death. Thither she accompanied him; and leaving him with his friends, promised to visit him every day. In taking leave of her, he took her hand, and raising it between his own, in the manner of supplication, he said, in a tone of mingled tenderness and fervency never to be forgotten:

"May God forever and forever, and *forever*, bless you, my last, best friend! When the hour comes, I will look out, in the better country, for one bright spot for you—be sure!"

"After life's fitful fever," Aaron Burr sleeps with his fathers in the cemetery at Princeton, (*N. J.*) A small monument marks the spot, bearing this inscription:

AARON BURR:
BORN FEBRUARY 6TH, 1756.
DIED SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1836.
A COLONEL IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
FROM 1801 TO 1805.

## A MADRIGAL.

What is that, I fain would know,
Makes me love my sweetheart so?
Certes, she is fair to see—
So a hundred others be—
Yet, forsooth, I do not care
Whether they be foul or fair;
So her fairness don't discover
What it is that makes me love her.

Cannot I prevail to find
What enchains my captive mind?
Certes, in her soft, brown eyes
Jocund stars do set and rise;
Yet in other eyes, I know,
Starry lustres come and go—
And no influence rains on me,
From their sweet astrology.

Sure I am, I cannot tell
What hath woven the charm so well;
Why the paleness of her cheek
Is endowed with voice to speak;
Why a silent music plays
Where her dancing footstep strays;
Unless it be the dainty sign
By whose light I read her mine. R. S.

INDIAN SUMMER.—De Quincey, in the new edition of the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, has described the advent of Indian summer, in the following passage, more beautiful than any master of the English language:—

"It was a day belonging to a brief and pathetic season of farewell summer resurrection, which, under one name or other, is known almost everywhere. It is that last brief resurrection of summer in its most brilliant memorials—a resurrection that has no root in the past, nor steady hold upon the future, like the lambent and fitful gleams from an expiring lamp, mimicking what is called the 'lightning before death' in sick patients, when close upon their end. There is a feeling of the conflict that has been going on between the lingering powers of summer and the strengthening powers of winter, not unlike that which moves by antagonist forces in some deadly inflammation, hurrying forwards, through fierce struggles, into the final repose of mortification. For a time, the equilibrium has been maintained between the hostile forces; but at last, the antagonism is overthrown; the victory is accomplished for the powers that fight on the side of death. Simultaneously with the conflict, the pain of conflict has departed; and thenceforward, the gentle process of collapsing life, no longer fretted by counter-movements, slips away with holy peace into the noiseless deeps of the Infinite. So sweet, so ghostly, in its soft, golden smiles, silent as a dream, and quiet as the dying trance of a saint, faded through all its transient stages this departing day."

LUNATICS.—Of the influence of the planets and the moon, notwithstanding the name of lunatics, and the vulgar impressions, no proof whatever exists. Yet physicians of eminence—Mead even—have said, "The ravings of mad people kept lunar periods, accompanied by epileptic fits." The moon apparently is equally innocent of the thousand things ascribed to her. When the paroxysms of mad people do occur at the full of the moon, Dr. Burrowes inclines to explain the matter thus: "Maniacs are in general light sleepers; therefore, like the dog which bays the moon, and many other animals, remarked as being always uneasy when it is at the full, they are disturbed by the flitting shadows of clouds, which are reflected on the earth and surrounding objects. Thus the lunatic converts shadows into images of terror, and, equally with all 'whom reason lights not,' is filled with alarm, and becomes distressed and noisy."

## NEAR THE GRAVEYARD'S TOWN OF DEATH.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

I.

Near the graveyard's town of Death,
In the evening light we stand,
Looking from the dust beneath
Forward to the spirit land;
However we court repose,
By the fireside free from cares,
Soon or late from sun and snows
Death will make us wanderers.

II.

In the vast that spreads around
All is action, all is change;
To some mightier region bound,
Soul and planet forward range:
Twilight song and frugal feast
Soon shall pass like evening airs—
Soon from books that sweeten rest
Death will make us wanderers.

III.

Ah! must we leave thee, quiet earth,
So hallowed by departed ones—
Dawn dreams, old memories of the hearth,
Even omens in the setting suns?
Yes, all we loved and all we knew,
All that sweetest fancy stirs,
Fade, when past you ghostly blue
Death shall make us wanderers.

## THE FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT.

[*Scene in Broadway, New York Oct.*, 1857.]

[Young America, with a one dollar bill, to the proprietor of an apple stall at the Park railings.]

"Say, old woman, what's the price of apples?"

"Well, sir, there are none better in New York city, and I will let you have them at the rate of three for two cents.

"Agreed on,"—(takes three bites from one, and presents his one dollar bill in payment.)

"Can't change that, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because money's scarce."

"Well, it's the best I can do."

"Never mind, you can owe it to me."

"All right."

He then wends his way to Taylor's saloon, with a determination this time to have it changed. Calls for an oyster stew, which finished, he presents his dollar bill again in payment.—The man without examining it, says,

"Can't change that, sir."

"No? well, it's the best I can do."

"Haven't you any smaller change than that?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you will have to owe me, then."

"All right."

He next steps into a cigar store, lights a five cent cigar, and presents again his dollar bill.

"Can't change that, sir."

"No? well, it's the best I can do."

"You can own it to me, then."

"All right."

He next steps into a liquor store, orders a brandy smash, tips it off, and presents once more his dollar bill. The man takes a look at it.

"Haven't you any smaller change?"

"No, sir."

"I'm sorry to say, I can't change; pay me the next time you pass."

"All right."

He then walks off, not knowing what to do—going in debt with such security. Thinks, however, he will return home and try again to-morrow. Steps into the Fourth Avenue cars, gets half-way, when he is called upon to pay; presents his dollar bill—conductor says:

"No smaller change?"

"No, sir, that's all I've got."

"Sorry to say, I can't change it."

So he walks away as though it were no uncommon occurrence.

Arrives home and ponders away, with strange thoughts in his mind about the bill. Sets himself to work, and calculates how much he has got in debt; is astonished to find that it amounts to forty-seven cents.

He, however, feels perfectly satisfied, and has come to the conclusion there is no occasion to work so long as he can get credit on such security; believes himself as good as any of our merchants, and concludes to take eight months' credit. In five years from this, that youth will be a banker in Chicago.—*N. Y. News.*

SNAKES IN CHOW CHOW.—Snakes are more common than tigers. At the hills there are long, bright ones; these often cling to the boughs of trees, and I have seen one dart down from a tree into the verandah of a bungalow, where two servants were sitting. It was soon killed. There is a small dark snake, called the carpat snake; it often enters houses, and being of the same color as the mats, when lying on the floor is not always visible. I nearly trod on one once under similar circumstances. Considering the number of those reptiles it is astonishing how the natives, whose feet are only protected by slippers, escape being bitten. In our household, during a period of five years, one servant only was bitten; but he, poor fellow, died. There is a tiny frog, known by the name of the flying frog; it has a singular power of jumping, and attaching itself to anything and everything. One of the creatures leaped up and fastened itself on the face of one of my maids. It was not pleasant, I admit, but there was something very ludicrous in it. However, it is surprising how indifferent one becomes to frogs, snakes, cheetahs, hyenas and tigers. One evening I was highly amused by a person coming to dine with us, exclaiming—"I have just killed a snake at the door!" Another guest followed, saying—"The hyenas are howling dreadfully;" while a third came in and told us there had been a cry among his servants of "baugh!" (tiger) in his compound.—*Lady Falkland.*

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen from the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impanelled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

The accounts recently received from England, of the progress of this mammoth steamer intensely interest the American public. The certainty of her completion, and that within a short time, is now universally admitted, and her proportions, character, and finish, are now palpable to the eye. Without going into detail, which would be an endless task, we may form some idea of her by alluding merely to the generalities which belong to her design and structure. Her upper and lower decks may be estimated by the acre, and 1,500 workmen employed about her are out of speaking distance and appear as but a handful. The state cabins are as large as the parlors of a New York house of 22 feet front, and they open upon regular squares and streets as if city built. They will be found by numbers, lighted by a gas company on board the ship, be indicated by a directory for the use of passengers, and be patrolled at night by a regular police. The saloons, into which the passengers can enter from the streets for recreation or from curiosity, will be as large as most of those found in our best hotels, being in fact equal in size to the main deck of a line-of-battle ship.

Her population will be 400, those resident permanently on board; but 10,000 travellers can be accommodated at a time, should so many desire to make a voyage in company; 250 tons of coal per day will be the fuel required to keep her in motion, and when the whole power of the combined engines is working, it is the same as if the ship were dragged along by 11,500 stout horses, or 57,500 men.

There is on board this ship, according to this calculation, force enough to drive all the machinery in Manchester, to lift a column of 200,000 gallons of water 200 feet high in a minute. We can hardly comprehend how her plans were ever arranged by ordinary common minds, or those accustomed only to the usual details of engineering. The idea of a combination of paddle engines and screws was a bold one, outstripping, apparently, all the necessities and requirements of the case. The paddle engines are oscillators of 74 inches diameter and 14 inches stroke, working up with 15 pounds of steam and 11 strokes, per minute, to the power of 3,000 horses.

The boilers are in sets, each having about 8,000 square feet of tube surface. Small auxiliary high-pressure engines are placed near the large ones, like servants near their master, to do the small work of the ship—drive the pumps, hoist sail, and various other little matters, to save the time of the number of the men. The screw engines, consisting of four cylinders of eighty-four inches diameter and four feet stroke, work up, with fifteen pounds pressure, and 45 strokes per minute, to the power of 4,500 horses, but with 25 pounds of steam and 55 strokes per minute to the power of 6,500 horses. These also have some mechanical attendants, in the shape of two auxiliary high-pressure engines to do the small business of the screw.

But the most curious thing about her is the fleet of steamers and yachts she will carry on board, to be used in case of accidents at sea, for the safety of the passengers. Astern her paddle-boxes will hang two screw steamers, each of which will be one hundred feet long, sixteen feet beam, forty horse power, and one hundred and twenty tons—almost equal to a large Albany sloop! And besides this, there will be a whole fleet of yachts, decked, masted and rigged complete, ready for a regatta or a cruise to save life.

Her anchors, cables, masts, are all on the same magnificent scale, and the very ways on which she is to be launched are being constructed as if they were to be the foundation of a fortress. Some anxiety is felt by scientific men as to the probable action of the needle on board such a mass of iron; but probably the plan of Dr. Scoresby will be resorted to, as well also as that of the astronomer royal. The first is to carry a standard compass about thirty-two feet above the deck, and the other to place fixed magnets near the compass, that they may neutralize the action of the ship and leave it free to obey the "directive force of the earth's polarity."

It would be a curious thing, however, if this great steam leviathan were afloat and ready to sail, it should be found that the compasses were not to be trusted, and that their variation could not be calculated. The secrets of magnetism and electricity are only beginning to be disclosed, but our knowledge of them is increasing every day, and we have no doubt that not only navigators will be able to trust implicitly to the needle on board iron ships, but that magnetism will indicate by its force, intensity, and variation, the precise position where the observer is at the moment. This is an inference of our own, from facts which have recently come within our knowledge.

The Great Eastern may be considered the master piece of naval architecture, and her future career is expected to decide some great questions. If successful in all respects, she will be imitated, and thousands will be travelling about the world, as groups of families now do. Some seaports that have been famous will fall in decline, deep water determining their value. Sailing vessels will become curiorities; population will tend to that happy country where life is most agreeable and healthful, and where there is most prosperity and freedom. The face of the civilized globe will be affected by the substitution of these great steamers for the small craft of 3,000 tons, and the strength of nations will be changed, as well as the balance of power. Such at least are the theories of some very sensible persons.

HORACE WALPOLE, with all his supercilious heartlessness, wrote some very sensible things. "Had I children," he once said, "my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even a thought for music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it makes them depend upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism; is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden; and, unlike other moral passions, is sure of being gratified in heaven."

## CASTLE RISING.

How the wind shrieks round the turret!
How the rain gleams in the hall!
How the blight in Castle Rising
Chills the wild-flowers on the wall!
How the summer, if with laughter
She have strolled there once to play,
Crossed and thwarted by the shadows,
Loses heart, and turns away!
For there's naught in Castle Rising
Glad to see or sweet to hear,
And the sea-wind makes a moaning,
Sad as autumn, all the year.
Once soft-footed deer paced silent
In the twilight alleys green,
When the Norman earl rode proudly,
Leading home his bride a queen:
Once the mirth of lute and viol
Stirred the echoes of the place:
Once the nightingales by moonlight
Sang sweet answers in the chace.
Then, blank centuries fell round it,
And the light of falling stars,
And a queen looked looks of passion
From behind grim prison bars;
Heard no trumpets, feared no battle,
Reeked not wind or wailing wave,
Saw through sunlight, saw through darkness,
But one sight—a lover's grave.
Is't the storm round Castle Rising
That hath quenched the watchlight pale?
Snapped the strings of lute and viol,
Hushed the restless nightingale?
For the wind wails round the turret,
And the rain gleams in the hall,
And, like snow a-down the gateway,
Sinks and dies the last footfall. T. B.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE NABOB.—The favorite elephant of the grand vizier under Rajah Dowlah was the hero of a noble feat. This great nabob was about to make the diversion of a mighty hunt in the neighborhood of Lucknow, where the game is rather plentiful. The preparations being completed, and a train of Indian nobility assembled, the procession of Nimrods began to move off for the field. After passing through a ravine, the gorgeous sportsmen entered the meadow, which was covered with sick people, who were lying exposed to get the benefit of the pure and fresh air, and they were so distributed as to obstruct the course of the beasts of burden. Rajah Dowlah was intent upon feeding his cruel eyes with the sight that the mangling of the bodies of the miserable creatures would produce, by compelling the huge elephants to trample them under foot. The grand vizier rode upon his own beast, and the nabob ordered the driver to goad him on, and he went at a quick pace, but when he arrived at the spot of the indisposed people, though in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The vizier cursed him; the driver goaded him; and the nabob cried, "Stick him in the ear!" All, however, was in vain. More humane than his superior, the elephant stood firm, and *refused to violate his better feeling.* At length, *seeing the poor creatures helpless, and unable to move themselves out of the way*, he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second, and third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage, along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any one of them. The brute and the man made an exchange of their proper sentiments, and humanity triumphed gloriously in the brute.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narration and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to save his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

## CONTENTMENT.

There is no virtue like it under Heaven,
And he whose life is crowned with sweet content,
Is rich as though old Croesus' wealth were given,
E'en though in fact he be not worth a cent.
There is no bound to man's ambitious schemes,
His eager palm outspreads as on he goes,
Gold shimmers down through all his daily dreams,
The verb "*to get*" the only one he knows.
How blest are those who, whate'er may betide,
Sit smiling at the boon which fortune sends,
Who God's own finger have identified,
And deem that all He suffers rightly tends.
And I myself am something of this stuff,
Always contented when I have enough.
WIDESWARTH.

JERROLD ON DONKEYS.—A chatty paper on Douglas Jerrold, by an English author says: "Douglas owed everything to nature and himself; no man of our age had so thoroughly fought his own way; and no man of any age has had a much harder fight of it. It colored him as the Syrian sun did the old crusading warrior. Jerrold and the century help to explain each other, and had found each other remarkably earnest in all their dealings." According to this writer, he had fewer competitors in satire than in humor of which the following is an illustration: The London *Chronicle* had been attacking some artists in whom he took an interest. In replying, Douglass set out by telling how in some vine countries they repress the too luxuriant growths by sending in asses to crop the shoots. Then he remarked gravely, that young artists required pruning, and added, "How thankful we ought to be that the *Chronicle* keeps a donkey!" Of his ready wit and aptness in conversation, many examples are given. Talking of a dull fellow whose wealth made him prominent, "Yes," said Jerrold, drawing his finger round the edge of his wine glass, "*that's* the range of his intellect—only it never had anything so good in it."

THE BURNING OF THE LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA.—Many Christian writers, either on account of their want of knowledge, or from an unfounded prejudice against the true faith (except Gibbon and other eminent authors), accuse our Caliph of the unpardonable crime of having ordered the contents of the famous library that once adorned this city, to be used as fuel for the five thousand baths which are said to have been here. In the first place, they ought to have known that Mahommedan tenets teach all true believers to hold papers of all kinds sacred, and never to touch them, even with their feet, nor allow them to be thrown into an unclean place, as they may contain the name of the Almighty Allah—contrary to the custom of the Christians of the present age, who have no regard even for their Bible, and would use its leaves, if damaged in any way, as useless papers. Secondly, it is quite absurd to think the same Caliph would commit such an act of insanity, who, on his visit to Jerusalem as a conqueror, ordered the great University there to be repaired at the public expense, and who would not say his prayers within the grand Temple of that holy place, for fear of its being spoiled by his soldiers in following his example. Besides, the General Amru, who was a lover of science and literature, and a man gifted with poetical talent, would by no means make himself an instrument of such an act of irrational madness.—*Autobiography of a Mahommedan Gentleman.*

FEAST AT AN ENGLISH FUNERAL IN OLDEN TIME.—It is related that at the funeral feast upon the death of Sir John Pastor, which was celebrated at Bromholm Priory in Norfolk county, in 1466, one man was kept engaged for three continuous days in no other occupation than that of flaying beasts, and provision was made of fourteen barrels of beer, twenty-seven barrels of ale, and fifteen gallons of wine. All these, however, proved inadequate to the demand; for it is stated that twenty bushels of malt at one time and forty at another, were brewed up expressly for the occasion. Meat, too, was in proportion to the liquor; the country round about must have been swept of geese, chickens, capons, and such small gear, all which, with the 1,800 eggs, twenty gallons of milk and eight of cream, and the forty-one pigs, forty-nine calves, and ten "neat" slain and devoured, give a fearful picture of the scene of festivity the abbey walls at that time beheld. No less than £20 was changed from gold into smaller coin that it might be showered among the attendant throng, and £17 in copper had been used for the same object in London before the procession began to move. A barber was occupied five days in getting the monks in trim for the ceremony, and the "reke of the torches at the dirge" was so great that the glazier had to remove two panes to permit the fumes to escape.

SPECULATORS AND CAPITALISTS.—The following lively, characteristic and effective story is of Parisian origin, but will fit this latitude as well as that:—

Two gentlemen were chatting on the Boulevard. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project, the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding for conscience sake.

Near these two paused a couple of youngsters of ten or twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cries out to the other:

"By the piper! I'd like to smoke a sou's worth of tobacco!"

"Well," said the other, "buy a sou's worth."

"Ah, as luck will have it, I hav'nt the sou."

"Hold on! I've got two sous."

"That's the ticket! just the thing—one for the pipe, and one for the tobacco."

"Oh, yes! but what am *I* to do?"

"You? Oh! *you shall be the stockholder; you can spit.*"

It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the two urchins and turned down the street.

SKILL OF THE HINDUS.—The ancient Hindus were not deficient in the arts. Dr. Roxburgh is of opinion that the Western World is indebted to India for its knowledge of the rotation of crops in agriculture. The law punished a farmer who failed to sow his fields in due time with the forfeiture of "ten times as much as the King's share of the crop that might otherwise have been raised." In the manufacture of iron they were proficient; and it is now known that the famous Damascus blades were of Indian steel, manufactured in the west of India. The skill with which they worked granite into beautiful forms is the best proof of the excellence of their tools. In the manufacture of cotton they have never been equalled; and Mrs. Speirs observes, that "the time may soon arrive when it will appear incredible that a fabric of ten yards in length and one yard wide should only weigh 3 oz 2 dwts., and pass readily through a small ring. Similar to this must have been the 'woven air' of Sanskrit literature, and the robe in which a woman exhibited herself in Buddhist story, and was punished for going about unclad."

WHY WORDS IN THE BIBLE ARE PRINTED IN ITALICS.—These italic words generally consist of the auxiliary verbs, as *on, are, was, &c.*, which in the original are not written, but understood. It is the peculiar genius of the ancient languages, especially Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, to omit the minor words of a sentence; but as the omissions would sometimes give rise to obscurity, the translators have generally supplied them, and, for the sake of distinction, printed them in *italics*. Thus in the Gospel of St. John 1, 6—"There was man sent from God, whose name *was* John"—the word printed in Italic is omitted in the original Greek.

DR. JOHNSON ON TEACHING.—"The master was severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing as for neglecting to know it. For instance, he would call a boy up, and ask him Latin for candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no use of a master to teach him.—*Dr. Johnson.*

## THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Our readers, or at least many of them, will remember a singular patriotic poem contributed to these pages many years ago, commencing:

"In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,"

etc. It was very popular, and went the rounds of the press throughout the Union. The following, just received, is greatly the superior of that effusion, and is by the same author, Guy H. McMaster, Esq., of Bath, Steuben county, in this State. The "Northern Lights" was written during the revolutionary agitations in Europe; and hence, we infer, the interrogatories addressed to certain royal personages in the seventh stanza. The idea of the poem, it will be seen, is a vision of the Miltonic "Infernal Host."—*Knickerbocker.*

"All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears: and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable." —*Paradise Lost.*

I.

Hell's gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon!

II.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and chiliarchi—
Thee, burning angel of the pit, Abaddon!
Charioteers from Hades, land of gloom,
Gigantic thrones and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden.

III.

Lo! Night's barbaric Khans!
Lo! the waste Gulf's wild clans
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles:
Lo! flaming Sultans, lo! infernal Czars
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing scars
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering Idols.

IV.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see, the swift dragoons
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth!

V.

Whose yonder dragon crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?
Chiefmin Satanas! emperor of the furnace!
What bright centurions, what blazing earls,
In mail of hell's hot ores and burning pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness!

VI.

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges,
Follow the kings in wavering multitude,
While savage giants of the Night's old brood
In pagan mirth toss high their crackling torches.

VII.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones
Ruling earth's southern zones,
Mark ye those wrathful arches of Gehenna,
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your hastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna!
Go bid your prophets watch the northern skies!
Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances?
Why, ye pale wizards, do these portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?

VIII.

Still, o'er the silent Pole
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery!
Still, girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots: their crimson shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordilliers!

IX.

On! Lords of dark despair!
Prince of the Powers of Air,
Bear your broad banners through the Constellations!
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes
Through the black sky your swords,
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations.
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep:
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep!
Dare ye again, fierce Throngs and scarlet Powers,
Assail with hell's wild hosts those crystal towers!
Tempt ye again the angel's shining blades,
Ithuriel's spear and Michael's circling truncheon,
The seraph-cavalier, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

## MILLINERY FOR THE MILLION.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"Well, Charles," said my dear Kate to me the other evening, when our parlor-maid had brought in the tea-tray—"well, Charles, I should hope that even you, in spite of your ridiculous ideas on such subjects, will think *that* going a little too far."

"Upon my word, my love," replied I, looking up from my newspaper, "I really don't know what the 'that' is at which, it seems, I ought to be so indignant; and, to say the truth, I would rather not know, for strong emotions, with the thermometer somewhere near eighty degrees, are not to be indulged in with impunity. I am quite disagreeably warm at the very thought of being indignant about anything. Don't tell me—there's a good girl—till the weather becomes cooler, and— But since you look so angry, what is the matter?"

"Matter indeed! That's right, Charles; pretend, as you always do, not to see, and you'll soon find what will be the consequences. There are none so blind as those who won't see, Charles; and that is your case whenever I am in trouble with my servants. I am sure that no woman in the world has more to contend with than I have in that respect; and as you never interfere to support my authority, it is wonderful, as my dear mamma says—"

At the mention of "my dear mamma," I at once saw the necessity of treating the matter, whatever it might be, seriously. Whenever my wife begins quoting "dear mamma" in little domestic differences, I know that she is in earnest; so, adopting a conciliatory tone, I replied:

"Really, my dear, I was so much interested in what I was reading when you first spoke, that I did not observe what was passing in the room. In fact, how could I do so? Look here—when I am lying on my back, with the newspaper held up so, I cannot even see so far as where you sit. But tell me what has occurred to displease you."

"If you had been sitting up like a Christian, Charles, instead of lolling on the sofa like a log, and dirtying it with your nasty boots, as you would have seen better, I daresay; but you must have seen Caroline bring in the tea."

"On my honor, my dear Kate, I did not. I was certainly aware that the tea was brought in by somebody, but I did not see by whom—I presume, however, by Caroline, as that, I believe, is part of her work."

"How provoking you are, Charles. Surely you must have observed—"

"No indeed, I observed nothing; and I assure you that I have not the remotest notion of what you mean."

"Why, what should I mean, but that this is a striking instance of what your dreadfully lax notions must inevitably lead to. Now, you may see that we were right when we said that it would go on from bad to worse, although you laughed at us in your sneering, contemptuous way. We always said how it would end. We always knew that you were in the wrong; and now you may be convinced of it if you will only take the trouble to open your eyes, and not hide yourself behind that horrid newspaper."

"Why, what can have happened, my dear?" said I, now really anxious to know. "I hope that nothing—"

"Oh, no; nothing at all, Charles; only that that creature, Caroline, wears a hoop!"

"Is that all, my love?" said I, quite relieved. "I certainly did not observe *that*; and as for my horrid paper, if you had been reading this bloodid article about Palm—"

"And, pray, what more would you have?" said my wife, remorselessly cutting the premier in two. "It would be very much better, Charles, if, instead of thinking so much about those stupid politics, you would learn to think a little reasonably on matters which interest us all much more nearly, and have much greater influence on our comfort."

"I wish, my dear Kate, that you would learn to take trifles like these a little more quietly. We cannot alter them, if we would—of that I am persuaded, and I really don't think we ought to try."

"Of course not, Charles, let the creatures go on until they dress as fine or finer than their mistresses. Perhaps you, with your horrid liberalism—vulgarity, dear mamma calls it—would like to see your servants dressed out in the latest fashion, while your wife looks like a provincial dowdy. But I won't permit it. Dear mamma says, that when she began housekeeping such things would not have been tolerated for a moment. Caroline, I am determined, shall go this day month, for I will no longer be subject to such humiliation in my own house."

"Come, come, my love," replied I, "don't allow your temper to be ruffled by a matter of so little importance. You would be much more comfortably situated with regard to your servants, if you would shut your eyes to what is inevitable now, whether we like it or not; and would look on such changes in our manners a little more philosophically."

"I have no patience with you, Charles. What in the world, I should like to know, has philosophy to do with my parlor-maid's sticking out her petticoats with a hoop?"

"It has very much to do with it, my dear. Parlor-maids didn't follow the fashions fifty years ago, and now they do. That is a fact which none can deny; and it is a phenomenon which undoubtedly marks a very considerable change in the social conditions affecting large masses of the people. In this view of the matter, then, the change, whether we like it or not, *ought to be looked at in a philosophical* spirit, and not summarily condemned, as if the cause of it and the thing itself were wholly evil. A little rational inquiry won't be thrown away on the subject, take my word for it."

"I am sure, Charles, I always endeavor to do my duty by my servants, and to make them happy and comfortable, and no one can say with truth that I am a harsh mistress. But, as dear mamma said only the last time she was here, this kind of thing I neither can nor ought to put up with."

"Who denies, Kate, that you are a kind mistress? I am sure I should be the last to do so; but, I must say, that on the subject of servants' dress, you are often, like most ladies, both unjust and unreasonable. How is it that you can't see that it is most unwise to attempt enforcing the discipline of your mother's youthful days upon the domestics of our own? If my good mother-in-law had do deal with young women instead of with those veterans, Jane and 'Old Hannah,' who have lived with her these five-and-twenty years, she would soon find how impossible it would be to carry out her ideas. The ideas of the maids having undergone a great change in the matter of dress, the ideas of the mistresses must adapt themselves somewhat to the new state of things, or perpetual changes and collisions will be the result. This anti-stiff petticoat feeling of yours is pure Toryism, an unphilosophical reluctance to *marcher avec le siecle.*"

"For goodness' sake, Charles, don't give me any scraps of French. Your accent, you know, is not good; and if there is one thing I detest beyond all others, it is to hear a man eking out his poverty of words with the odds and ends of another language. In spite of your philosophy, I still say that servants ought not to dress as they do. To see a girl like Caroline, with a tray in her hand, and her skirt sticking out like a balloon, is utterly absurd and very improper—very improper indeed."

"But you know the old saying, my dear Kate; 'What can't be cured, must be endured;' and unless, in these days when everything is made for the million, we can bring ourselves to look calmly on fashionably dressed domestics, we must always expect to be in hot water. As for the humiliation you were talking about just now, if you mean that you will be eclipsed by your servants, I don't think you need feel much alarm on that score. I will not be so rude as to say that you ever appear absurd, but I do say, that, although you have no tea-tray in your hands, your dress sticks out like a very large balloon indeed."

"How can you talk so, Charles? Why, the last dress I had made—that French *foulard* you admire so, had only nine breadths in it, and—"

"I don't care how many breadths it had, my love. I only know that the bill tells me that you cram as much material into one dress, as would have sufficed to clothe your paternal and maternal grandmothers both together, and have made your two grandfathers a waistcoat apiece into the bargain. Width, as to crinoline and things of that nature, there is no end to them."

"I am sure," said Kate, quite in a miff, "you cannot call me extravagant. I only have my dresses made in the fashion, and surely you would not have me look particular."

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

This gentleman, who is now *the* pulpit celebrity of London, addressed 23 654 people at the Crystal Palace, on Humiliation Day. This is said to be the largest audience assembled in modern times, to listen to a preacher.

"I would have you continue to do, my love, what you have always done—that is, please yourself. I would have you remember, however, that poor Caroline, the 'creature,' and her class, are women like yourself; that they, too, have the love of dress, so strong in your sex; and that so long as they only spend the wages they fairly earn, you have no more right to despise them, and call them 'creatures,' than they have to despise you and your mamma for studying, as you do, the *Magasin des Modes.*"

"But, Charles, you surely don't mean to compare Caroline's station with mine? Things which are harmless in my station of life, may be very unbecoming in hers."

"A sensible remark, Kate, but it won't do to construe that principle too strictly—an error of which I think you are guilty. Now, when you call Caroline a 'creature,' you don't say whether you think that the wrong she has done consists in the desire she has to stick her petticoats out with that strange machine of wadding and tape, or whether it lies in her doing so in your august presence. Which is it?"

"Don't sneer, Charles. It is a bad habit you have, particularly when you know you are wrong. I mean, of course, that a creature like that has no business to wear it."

"Just so, my love. Another cup of tea, if you please. Our little dispute has made my throat quite dry, I declare. Just so. You say that she has no business to wear a hoop. But why? Unless we are a little more precise, we may talk till midnight without getting any further."

"Well, then, Charles, since I must be so very careful of my words, I say that such things are ridiculous for one in her station of life."

"I see, my love," said I, "that you know how to make use of the ladies' favorite argument, that a thing *is* because it is; but answer me this: do you mean to imply some moral turpitude on the part of Caroline, when you call her a 'creature;' or do you mean to imply merely that her crime consists in wearing a hoop in your augn—— Ahem! before her mistress?"

"Why, Charles, how absurd you are. I mean of course that she ought to be ashamed of herself to come into the drawing-room with that thing on; and I also mean, as dear mamma says, that for girls in her rank of life to fill their heads with such things is perfectly ridiculous."

"And why, pray, is a love of dress more ridiculous in them than in you? I fear, Kate, that you ladies want to keep all the finery to yourselves, and that a feeling of jealousy is at the bottom of your hostility to smart maid-servants. Ducks of collars, loves of bonnets, darling mantles, sweet little caps, gay dresses, and bright ribbons, you would monopolise as luxuries to be enjoyed by your class only; and if you could, you would even forbid those beneath you to admire these things, much more to wear them. But what, I ask you, is there in domestic service which should so change a woman's nature that she should be insensible to dress?"

"A sense of propriety, Charles—of what is becoming in her station, and of what is due to those above her."

"A sense of fiddlestick, Kate! Your idea of the connection existing between you and your servants appears to be the feudal notion of dependence, whereas that connection is a purely commercial one. Kindly feeling and good offices, not bargained for, are not excluded on either side—God forbid that they ever should be; but money is your bond of union; and unless at the hiring you stipulate for a particular style of dress, paying accordingly, you cannot reasonably expect that, out of mere awe of our mag——that is, of us—our servants should forego their own tastes and inclinations."

"I'm sure I don't know, Charles. Why should not women dress in a sort of livery like men? I think it would be a very good plan."

"It is true my dear, that men-servants do consent to wear the badge of servitude; but would they consent to do so if the practice had been until now that they should wear plain clothes? I think not. Your idea of putting female servants into a kind of livery would certainly be quite impracticable."

"Fifty years ago, female servants dressed quietly and becomingly at any rate, and that is what I would enforce now. Our grandmothers' maids didn't strive to imitate their mistresses."

"They did not; that is, not to the extent well-paid servants do now; but the cause of the change is plain enough. The class from which servants are drawn have acquired tastes and ideas very different from those which satisfied them a generation or two back, and of course those tastes and ideas will show themselves even in domestic service. Education, imperfect and partial as it is, has certainly somewhat refined the tastes of the lower classes, and the 'Betty' who would have been enraptured with a cherry-colored cap ribbon, has given place to the 'Miss Elizabeth' who cuts her dresses out by the prints in the Illustrated London News. In short, as education advances, the tastes of all classes will more nearly assimilate. The age is a levelling one; but one in which, happily for all, the level is produced rather by raising the low, than by pulling down the high."

"Really, Charles, I had no notion that you would run on so merely because I object to the width of Caroline's dresses; but this, I suppose, is what you call treating the subject philosophically?"

"Certainly, my dear, I wish to discuss this question with you calmly and without prejudice. I am anxious to convince you that your determined hostility to the taste for dress which now exhibits itself in the class of domestic servants, is unwise and inexpedient; and I am desirous that you should reconsider your determination to part with a servant against whom, as you freely declare, you have no other fault to allege than this—if fault it be."

"It certainly is a fault, Charles; and if education tends to awaken in the lower orders a taste for fine dressing, it seems to me that they won't gain much by it, and I am sure that we shall not."

"I can't agree with you there, Kate. Education, undoubtedly, has this tendency in many ways, and the result was not difficult to be foreseen. We must expect that the refinements of manners and ideas consequent on the spread of education, will show itself most distinctly in those things which commend themselves most readily to ordinary minds, and which find the most favorable soil prepared for them. It would be most unphilosophical to expect that when refinement penetrates the masses, it will show itself only in their virtues, and not in their vices. This would be to expect to create a class beneath us having all our good qualities, and none of our failings—a most chimerical notion truly, and one arguing, in the person entertaining it, great ignorance of human nature. Now, love of personal adornment is universal; and Caroline's taste being more refined than that of her class half a century back, instead of buying a dress of a flaming pattern and half a-dozen yards of blue ribbon, she aspires to petticoats as wide as her mistress's. If that were the only evil inseparable from education, it would surely be but a very small drawback on its immense benefits."

"Well, Charles, a poor ignorant woman can't be expected to be a match for such a philosopher as you pretend to be; but I do say that what with one thing and what with another, it seems to me, as dear mamma says, that the world is turned upside down."

"I presume, my dear, that your mamma means that other classes are treading on the heels of our class rather too closely. Well, there is no denying that we must go ahead ourselves, if we wish to keep ahead. The advantages we have hitherto enjoyed exclusively are being largely shared in by others. There is no longer a monopoly of education, nor a monopoly of communication, for example; and we must keep our position by extra exertion, if we keep it at all. The locomotive plunges through the land at forty miles an hour, and drags behind it both peer and peasant; the penny-stamp franks the letter of 'Jeames' as well as that of 'my lord;' and soon we may hope that a more or less liberal education will be within the reach of all but the lowest. We must progress ourselves, and not attempt to keep down those beneath us, even in such a thing as dress—an attempt which will certainly fail, and deservedly so. How should we of the middle class like to be told that we ought to confine our tastes to the standard which prevailed in the middle class in the days of our grandfathers?"

"I don't know, Charles, why you should call us of the middle class. You know that dear mamma's maternal grandmother was descended from a younger branch of—"

"I know all about that, my dear; indeed, your mother takes care I shan't forget that fact, if I forget everything else; but we are of the middle class, nevertheless; and a few years since, even so simple a luxury as muslin window-curtains was thought too good for us.—My grandmother's first pair of muslin curtains were considered quite as absurd in one of her station as you consider Caroline's hoops in hers."

"Nonsense, Charles. How you run on."

"Run on my love. I was never more serious in my life. My grandfather rented a large farm under a wealthy peer; and on one of her excursions to the market town, my grandmother purchased some muslin window curtains. My grandfather, good man, thought they were almost too grand for such folk, but they were forthwith put up in the best parlor,—middle class people had no 'drawing-rooms' then—to the great admiration of the whole house. Now, it chanced that 'my lady,' in taking her airing on horseback, rode past my grandfather's farmhouse that very day, and being struck with astonishment at the sight of the white drapery at the windows, at once galloped back to the hall, and thus addressed her lord, who came forth wondering at her sudden return:

"'Well, my lord, what *do* you think I've seen? Haw! haw! why, muslin curtains at Fawmer Brown's, my lord! Pawsitively! fawmers with muslin curtains! Haw! haw! haw! It's almost as absurd as their asking last year for bells—pawsitively!'"

"Very funny, indeed, Charles," said my dear Kate, with rather a forced laugh, as if not quite relishing the application of my anecdote; "and I suppose I ought to give up opposition to hoops for my servants, and agree to—"

"That's a good little Kitty," said I. "I knew you were too reasonable a girl not to see the thing in a proper light when it was once set before you. Nobody thinks muslin curtains a luxury only fit for the rich and great now; and so it will be, nay, *is*, with the dress of our female servants. All classes are now clothed much more alike—a change not without advantage even to the most elevated.—When gentlefolks were broadly distinguished from their inferiors by their dress, they could afford to be coarse in manners and vulgar in mind. Now, they must *be* superior in order to look so. But I won't moralize any more; I think I have said enough to convince my dear Kate that she has been somewhat hasty in her determination with regard to her dismissal of a servant who has no other fault than a little natural love of dress."

"Upon my word," replied my wife, "you assume very coolly that you have the best of the argument; but now that you have done philosophizing, I should like to ask you a question, to which I must have a plain answer. We poor women, you know, can't argue a bit, and always go round in a circle, as you call it; so I will only ask you a plain question. Will you answer it?"

"I'll do my best, my dear," said I, as cheerfully as I could; for I did not quite like the triumphant look Kate had suddenly assumed, and I began to have some misgivings as to the security of my victory.

"Now, then, Charles," said my wife, "you have proved entirely to your own satisfaction, if not exactly to mine, that a taste for personal adornment being common to all my sex, it is neither just nor expedient to oppose that taste, now that it shows itself so strongly in our household servants. I believe I have stated your argument fairly, have I not?"

"You have put it very broadly, Kate; but that most certainly is the substance of what I maintained. Taking, you see, a philosophical view of—"

"Of my parlor maid's dress," interrupted Kate, laughing heartily, for she thought she was getting the better of me, "we ought to say nothing about it. But now for my question. You are, of course, quite prepared to carry out your own doctrine to its legitimate consequences. Having come to a most philosophical conclusion, you are prepared to abide by it. I ask you, then—Will you permit your servants to indulge their taste for dress to any extent they please; and if not, why not? If not, why not? Tell me that, Charles."

"My dear," I began, "I don't—that is, if I am to—"

"No, Charles, no ifs, if you please. As you remarked just now, let us be precise in our language, or we shall talk till midnight without getting any further. I have asked a plain question, and I want a plain answer to it. Why do you hesitate to give it me?"

"But, my love—"

"No buts, Charles; I want neither ifs nor buts. I want you to tell me where you would stop, and why you would stop, without any ifs or buts whatever. Surely a philosopher cannot be at a loss to answer a poor simpleton like me."

"Why, my dear, you will admit that the best rules of conduct may be pushed to absurd extremities; and when I said that servants should not be scolded because they indulge in a taste common to all womankind, of course I did not mean that their taste should be carried to an outrageous excess. In that case, I should remonstrate kindly with the offender on the impropriety of her conduct."

"Impropriety! Gracious me, Charles, why, you seem to have come quite round to my side of the question. At last, then, even you will admit that there is a point beyond which a servant cannot be permitted to indulge a love of dress. You see, I am not so illogical and absurd, after all, and have already reduced the question between us to one of degree. Pray, now, at what point will the philosopher stop? Your point is not at skirts eight breadths wide—at jackets, at tucks, at flounces—at smart little caps, at lace sleeves, at silks, at muslins, at parasols—"

"For Heaven's sake, my love!" cried I, "don't talk so fast; you fairly take away my breath. Do let me get a word in edgewise."

"No, Charles, not a word till you tell me where you will stop. What do you consider going too far?"

"Well, my dear," said I, desperately, "I would stop when the dress is not—I *must* use a French word, I can't think of any English word which will express my meaning so accurately—when, then, the dress is not *convenable.* Yes, that's the word. When a servant's dress does not appear to me to be convenable, I should interpose with my authority, not before. For example, I should interpose at—e-e-e. Dear me, how very absurd I am!—at—e-e."

"Short sleeves and low dresses," said my wife, maliciously.

"Well—yes," I replied, somewhat relieved by such a suggestion as that, for I began to feel considerable embarrassment in defining the exact point at which I should consider the convenable to have been disregarded. "Yes, no short sleeves and low dresses, as you say, or at anything of that kind."

"You will excuse my laughing, Charles—" and the little minx did laugh most provokingly—"but really it is amusing to see the philosopher obliged to adopt a plain, common-sense view of this weighty matter, after all. However, I don't complain. Why should I? We are getting nearer every minute. I agree to the word convenable, and it only remains for you to strike out a few of the articles you include under that word, and for me to admit—you see how reasonable I am—a few to which I object; and we shall be able to come to some ground of common action."

"My dear Kitty," said I, "you really would make an excellent man of business. Nothing can be fairer than your proposition; and precedent, perhaps, will be our safest guide as to what we ought to allow, and what to forbid. What other people's servants wear, let ours wear."

"No, Charles, I can't agree to that, and I wonder you should propose it. You must think me very stupid, for it is you that are arguing in a circle now. I maintain that certain articles of dress are not proper for my servants to wear, and thereupon you protest that they are proper, because the same things are worn by others in the same rank of life. No, no. It is easy to find a precedent for anything, however disgusting. Didn't your brother tell us the other day, that in the far west of America the servants at the inns waited on him with bare arms, and low, *very* low dresses? What others do, therefore, will be no guide for me. We ought to decide on principle, Charles, not on precedent."

"My dear girl," said I, in a mild way—for I perceived that I should have to make very important concessions—"I must own that, in the heat of argument, I have not been careful to limit the principle for which I have contended within practical bounds. No doubt there is a point at which we should be justified in remonstrating with a servant who indulged a taste for dress; but you cannot deny that mistresses are apt to be somewhat unreasonably severe. If, therefore, I am prepared to concede the existence of a point, dividing that which is, from that which is not, *convenable* in the dress of our female servants, you must be prepared to allow of a wider latitude to Caroline and her class than you have hitherto consented to do. I have taken what may be called the philosophical view of a by no means unimportant question, and you have regarded it from what may be said to be the practical side of it. But is there not some truth in both? Between—I won't say the short sleeves and low bodies of the 'helps' in Wisconsin—but between very dressy dressing, and the notions of your mother, there is a very wide range; and surely it will never be difficult for a mistress, possessing only half as much kindly feeling and good sense as you do, to find the means, without giving offence, of keeping a good servant within the bounds of moderation."

"But, Charles," said my wife, when I had concluded what I flattered myself was a speech calculated, by its moderation and the little compliments it contained, to bring me respectably, if not triumphantly out of the contest; "but, Charles dear, what do you say to that creat—— to Caroline's hoop?"

"Now, really, my good Kate, you are enough to provoke a saint. I thought the hoop-question was amicably settled at any rate."

"Perhaps it is, my dear," replied Kate with provoking *sang-froid.* "But in that case, you consent to put the obnoxious article into our common *index expurgatorius.*"

"Consent! Not I, indeed. Why, all my argument went to show that such trifles ought not to be interfered with."

"I know it did, Charles; but to my mind it *didn't* show anything of the kind; and as dear mamma says—"

"Oh, confound—"

"Charles!"

AN ILLITERATE NOBLEMAN.—Lord William Paulet, though often Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarcely read. Having to read a bill for naturalizing Jemima, Duchess of Kent, he called her "Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent." A gentleman writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him any *equivalent.* Lord William replied that the horse was at his service; but he did not know what to do with the *elephant.* A pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Paulet, a gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began—"This is to certify that the buk called the Snik—" "Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

A HINDU ON ENGLAND.—Here (in London) we settled after our long voyage from the middle of the globe to the end of the world, where the sun appears far to the south, as weak as the moon, and the polar star nearly vertical; where the country all over is fertile, and the people ingenious, civil, and active; where the language, customs, and manners are entirely different from our own; where, in fine, *the destiny of our sweet native land lies in the hands of some twenty-five great men.* It cannot be, I am sure, without the will of that one Supreme Being that this small island, which seems on the globe like a mole on the body of a man, should command the greater part of the world, and keep the rest in awe.—*Autobiography of Munshi Lutfullah, a Hindu gentleman.*

# LORD CHESTERFIELD.

BY JAMES HANNAY,

AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY, R. N."

Lord Chesterfield's is one of those reputations which occupy a peculiar position. He is at once very famous and very little known. Every body is familiar with the name, and few with the man. Yet one so renowned deserves to be better understood; a reflection which I hope will justify me in having undertaken to write about him now.

His family was ancient and knightly, though it did not make its appearance in the peerage till the suspicious epoch of James I. The first Earl of Chesterfield fought for the king in the civil war. The second earl is only remembered by the fact, that Dryden dedicated a translation to him, for which he seems to have returned those solid acknowledgments which it was the fashion to make, and not the fashion to refuse. The third earl was a gloomy, saturnine Jacobite, as unlike his son as possible.—"He had neither the will nor the power to teach me anything," says our Philip Dormer, the fourth earl. But the lady whom he married brought in a flow of brilliant blood, to which her son, the famous earl, owed an immense deal of his talents. She was a Saville, a daughter of that eminent Marquis of Halifax, whom Macaulay describes so well. Halifax's writings are extant—not nearly so well known as they ought to be—and one is struck in reading them with the similarity of talent between him and his grandson. There is the same worldly wisdom and piquant shrewdness, the same good nature and graceful vivacity, the same pointed smart sayings. Young Philip was born in London in 1694, and brought up in the house of his maternal grandmother. At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge, where he stayed two years. He and his set were called the "Witty Club" there; for Lord Stanhope, as he then was styled, was very precocious. He was early noted for his cleverness and his wildness, for blending literature and dissipation together. It was the jolly time of Queen Anne, when a certain convivial tone pervaded English life. One famous political club took its name from Kit-Kat pies; another, equally famous, from October ale. The Secretary of State opened as many bottles of Burgundy as he did despatches. Poor Pope found that his health could not stand the literary life—that you could not perfect your taste without ruining your nerves. Whatever gay young men were doing, we may be sure Lord Stanhope was doing. But he was not a common "fast man;" a character, indeed, apt to be a fool, in that time as in this. He was fond of letters, and he was ambitious. He was a well-balanced character; took pleasure and work in fair proportions, like wine-and-water. Throughout life he preserved this kind of medium. It was a favorite maxim of his, that business and pleasure mutually assisted each other. In fact, he was in pleasure exactly what a practical man is in business; he kept accounts square—knew that if you overdraw on your health, nature will dishonor your bill—and was prudent in the midst of excesses. This is the man-of-the-world's point of view, and Chesterfield very early had the philosophy of it complete.

In 1714, he passed his summer at the Hague. That August Queen Anne died. The Tory ministry of Oxford and Bolingbroke was scattered to the winds. Swift departed, gloomy and fierce, to Dublin. In came the house of Hanover, in the person of George I. The Whigs were in their glory when the new Parliament met, in 1715, and nothing was talked of but impeachments of the late ministry, Jacobite plots and intrigues, England's honor sacrificed to France by the recent peace of Utrecht, and so forth. The Stanhopes were very busy in politics just then; and Lord Stanhope was brought in for a Cornwall borough before he was of age. I have said that the old earl, his father, was a Tory and a Jacobite; nevertheless the son came in as a Whig. In those days a thorough going Tory usually held notions about the divine right of kings, the sacredness of their persons and prerogatives, the house of Stuart, and the memory of Charles the Martyr, such as a man like Chesterfield could no more hold than he could have held the doctrines of the Brahmins. He had no sentiment, no romance. He did not care for the white rose; he had no feeling for traditions, which are the very life of Tory politics. He viewed politics as he did everything else—from the worldly, shrewd point of view. Now, the Jacobites were, with few exceptions, men of quite a different stamp; sincere high churchmen, or jolly obstinate country gentlemen, such as the man of whom Fielding said, that he *was afraid his land would be sent over to Hanover*. Their weak points were such as a man like Chesterfield saw at a glance; their good points were far above his level. For the essential feature of the eighteenth-century man was KNOWINGNESS; he suspected and derided enthusiasm; and Chesterfield was an eighteenth-century man all over. Accordingly, we need not wonder at the side he took; and as he was young, lively and audacious, he took it decidedly.—The Parliamentary History tells us, that in his maiden speech, on the articles of impeachment of the Duke of Ormond, he said, "*That he never wished to spill the blood of any of his countrymen, * * * but that he was persuaded the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who had betrayed it in so infamous a manner.*" This was pretty strong. One of the opposite party, finding the young gentleman so vehement, hinted to him that they were aware he was not *of age*, and had no right to be speaking at all. He took the hint, and departed to Paris.

No doubt French influence had a great effect on Chesterfield, and especially in imbuing him with that profound regard for elegant manners which distinguished him through life. The long reign of Louis XIV. was just coming to an end; and the whole epoch had been one of social brilliance in France—of good talk, happy wit, polish and pleasure. In these matters the French were ahead of us; because, for a great part of the seventeenth century, we had been intent on far higher matters. The civil war had broken up our social life; the land had been full of Puritans and sectaries, who despised the Graces as much as they did the Muses. The effect of these events lasted, of course, long after the events themselves.—The Restoration brought us a court, which, though it imitated France, did not so thoroughly catch its manners as it did its morals. The Queen Anne literature, the essays of Addison and Steele—graceful in treatment as they were excellent in purpose—were now working a change, yet the change was working slowly. And when the house of Hanover came to the throne at the period now before us, English life in the highest quarters was comparatively rude. Ladies of rank wrote sentences which their great great-grand-daughters would now scarcely venture to read out loud. A maid of honor, under the first George, was a good judge of a cask of ale. When one opens Sir Charles Grandison, one finds Richardson's model heroines using such phrases as 'hang it" and the "deuce." Chesterfield was full of the superiority of French society to our own; he admired it, and it in turn admired him. We have several testimonials to their regard. His French was praised by Fontenelle, as was his wit by Pope, his speeches by Horace Walpole, and his manners by everybody.

He early belonged to the court of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., as gentleman of the bedchamber. For the next few years we find him attached to that court; voting occasionally and speaking in Parliament, and devoting himself to society and to literature. He knew all the able men of the day; corresponded with Swift, and visited Pope at Twickenham. Young, of the "Night Thoughts," celebrated him in his exquisite epigram, when, called on for an impromptu, he borrowed his diamond, and scrawled,

"Behold a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

Occasionally he went down to Derbyshire, and moped among his ancestral trees. He had no love for the country; he despised daisies and buttercups as only fit for the raptures of milkmaids. He liked St. James's street and White's, the gay glitter of a drawing-room, the tender green of a gaming-table,—not meadow and stream. "There are no tolerable winter-quarters," he says, "but Paris and London." Of all pleasures, society was his favorite; and society soon welcomed him as its greatest ornament.

At thirty-two he succeeded to the earldom; the year after (1727), George I. died. The year after that, Chesterfield went to the Hague, as ambassador to Holland. He was fond of play; and the frugal Dutch liked a man who lost his money—as he did everything in life—with a good grace. But he had every requisite for a diplomatist. Quite apart from his manners, he had substantial talents and sense; and his manners were fascinating. There is a curious paragraph in one of his letters to Lady Suffolk at this time which illustrates his humor: "You must know," he says, "that last Sunday I treated the people here with an English christening in my chapel of a black-a-moor boy I have: having had him first instructed fully in the Christian religion by my chaplain, and examined by myself. The behaviour of the young Christian was decent and exemplary; and he renounced his LIKENESS with great devotion." This pleasantry was habitual to him, and greatly contributed to his success. He performed his embassy successfully, got the Garter, and was made steward of the household; but after his return, in 1732, he voted against *Walpole's Excise Bill*, and was dismissed from his place. Next year he married Melosina de Schulenberg, a natural daughter of George I.

He was now a member of perhaps the most brilliant of all modern oppositions—the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's ministry. Bolingbroke's stately and witty eloquence, Pulteney's scarcely inferior talent, talkers and writers the best in England, were all arrayed against Sir Robert and the court. The incessant cry was, that the country was being ruined by corruption at home, and sacrificed to Hanover abroad. Chesterfield was at this time personally hateful to George II. Hanover was the tender point to touch the monarch on, and Chesterfield accordingly made the most of it. In a paper of the time, called "Fog's Journal," he wrote (among other things) an essay on the German princes and their armies, which is a very good specimen of his talents in this kind of way; indeed, it would not dishonor the name of Addison.

Chesterfield spoke in the Lords' pretty frequently, and with the success which attended him in most things. Parliamentary reporting was then in its infancy. We have, however, one speech of his at length, that which he made, in 1737, against the bill for submitting dramas to a censorship; and it justifies his reputation by its lucidity, its elegance, and its strokes of pleasantry.

For the next few years he was still in opposition. At last Walpole's long reign ended; and now the patriots who had turned him out could not agree among themselves, and could not retain power. Lord Granville's administration (commonly called the *drunken administration*, from that very able man's love of Burgundy,) did not last long. A coalition government was established by the Pelhams, to whom Chesterfield was related; and in the ever famous year '45, he again went as ambassador to the Hague, and in August to Dublin, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

His Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland was a bright spot in his life. The times were very trying. A rebellion was on foot, of which no man could estimate the danger, and a rebellion which naturally looked to Ireland for sympathy and aid. Chesterfield delighted everybody by his affability; managed every thing without fuss, without show; took care of all proper precautions. Two capital and characteristic anecdotes belong to this period. "Your excellency's coachman," reported a solemn person to him, "goes to mass." "Does he?" said Chesterfield, "*I'll take care he does not drive me there!*" Another time, an official came rushing into his room in the morning, "*They're rising in Connaught!*" He looked at his watch: "*Well, sir, it's nine o'clock, and they ought to be.*" He plumed himself on this polite coolness; and, joined to his tact, suavity, and real good sense, it made him one of the most popular Lord Lieutenants Ireland ever had. Some may think, perhaps, that these sayings were made for the events, rather than produced by them; no doubt this is the case with many *bons mots*, but Lord Chesterfield's rest on very good authority. And as we are on this point of his colloquial wit, let us look at one or two more of them, gathered from his biographers, and from the lively pages of Horace Walpole.

Somebody told him that the famous singer, the *Viscontina* said she was only twenty-four. "*She means twenty-four stone, I suppose!*" he replied. On one occasion, he had to lay before George II., for signature, the patent of appointment of a man whom the king detested. George II. paused over it, and then exclaimed, angrily, "I'd rather give it to the devil!" "With all my heart, your majesty; but you observe that it is addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved *cousin!*" He made a very clever impromptu in verse. Sir Thomas Robinson, who was an immensely tall man, challenged him to write on him. Chesterfield wrote,

*Unlike* my subject now shall be my song;
It *shall* be witty, and it *shan't* be long."

One of his clever sayings sprang out of a very clever little bit of his private diplomacy. There was a certain Lord R——— of that time, who was fond of dabbling in amateur surgery, and who fancied that he shone especially in the use of the lancet. The party were very much in want of a vote, and away went Chesterfield to Lord R———. Of course his health was naturally inquired after. "Why," says Chesterfield, carelessly, "I'm rather out of sorts to day; a slight oppression of the head—fullness." Lord R——— was all attention, and instantly suggested blood-letting. "You think it necessary? I have heard so much of your lordship's skill, that I should be glad if you would try your lancet on me." So he bared his arm, lost the usual *quantum*, and after binding it up again, he asked (with the inimitable easy air which we can fancy) whether his lordship "was going to the house that afternoon?" Lord R——— had *not* intended; was there anything going forward? Of course Chesterfield carried him down in triumph; and he told his friends afterwards that he had "BLED *for the party*," which was more than any of them could say.

After leaving Ireland, he was made Secretary of State, which high post—the highest he attained—he held for about two years, from 1746 to 1748. During this time an event happened, which, if Chesterfield had never written a line, would have indissolubly, as it has painfully, connected him with our literary history. It is the most painful part of his life, but it must not be passed by.

Of course a man of that rank, who had written in periodicals, defended the interests of dramatic authors in the House of Lords, and who was famous, far and wide, for wit and courtesy, was looked up to by literary men as a patron. Patronage was just going out, but had not gone; and it was still not unusual for writers to receive gifts from lords, as Dryden had received one from Chesterfield's own grandfather.

One writer of that time just beginning to be known—a burly, honest, melancholy man, in whose massive face noble genius, and piety, and deep religious sentiment struggled through the traces of poverty, of sorrow, and disease—a rusty, uncouth mortal to the careless eye, but who in proper company woke up into a giant of wit, eloquence, and insight—visited the house of Lord Chesterfield in 1747. Samuel Johnson (for he was the man) was fifteen years younger than Chesterfield, and consequently now thirty-eight. He had not written *Rasselas*. He was just planning the *Dictionary*. His fame was not made. He *had* published the *Life of Savage* and *London*. But he was still not an established man; and as for Boswell—Boswell was then a little boy, scarcely breeched and, I suppose, playing about the grounds of Auchenlock. Johnson came to Chesterfield to solicit patronage for his *Proposals for a Dictionary*. We know, from Johnson himself, that Chesterfield at some time gave him £10. But what neglect he showed him, or how he slighted him, cannot now be accurately known. Johnson tells little about it, and Chesterfield nothing at all. Certain it is that Johnson took deep offence; and seven years afterwards—when the *Dictionary* was coming out, and Chesterfield, long retired from politics, yet still writing essays occasionally in the *World*, wrote two in support of the forthcoming work—Johnson addressed that immortal letter to him, which Boswell teased him into giving him a later period, and which everybody who calls himself a man-of-letters ought to have by heart. This business is still involved in some mystery. The doctor was proud, and the noble was too fastidious on the score of personal refinement. But it has been justly argued that Chesterfield's health was then bad; that the deafness, which vexed him more or less all his life after, was coming on; and that Johnson, in 1747, was a man with different claims to regard from the Johnson of twenty years later. In this twilight I must leave it. Our veneration for the memory of Dr. Johnson, one of the wisest as well as the best of Englishmen, secures our respect for any view of an event which he chose to take. At best Lord Chesterfield was but a good-natured, very able, and brilliant man-of-the-world; yet that he was fundamentally good natured I do believe, and I hope that he acted from error rather than design on this occasion.

Next year, '48, he gave up the seals of his secretaryship, partly from bad health, partly because the great Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, did not behave well to him, and interfered with the patronage of his office. It is highly characteristic of him, that the very night he left the government he made his appearance at the gaming-table at White's. In office he never touched a dice-box.

Up to this time Chesterfield had generally lived in Grosvenor Square, or in the well-known Chesterfield House, which still belongs to his representatives; and where the rich and classic apartments, with their books and their busts, in which he enjoyed the lettered luxury of his rank, are still preserved as he left them. But now, on retiring from active public life, he bought and improved a villa at Blackheath, which was the favorite dwelling of the remainder of his prolonged days. Here he had a garden, of which he was fond; here he tended his apricots, and read his books; and wrote many of those letters to his Son, by which he is best known, and will always be best remembered, and which are very interesting illustrations of the eighteenth century.

This son was born when Chesterfield was at the Hague, in '32, the year before his marriage, and was sixteen years old when he gave up the secretaryship. As his wife had no children, he felt an intense interest in this lad; and it is a great sign of Lady Chesterfield's good-nature and affection for her husband, that she shared this interest with him. Whatever else we may think of the matter, I suppose we shall agree that, having the boy, it was his duty to do the best he could for him; and it is certain, that if young Philip had been the lawful heir to the title (instead of what he was) twenty times over, the father could not have been more anxious about him, or taken more pains with him. He sent him to Westminster School; then sent him on the Continent, with an eminent scholar for his tutor; then to Leipsig, to learn German; next to Paris, to be polished. The following passage from a letter of his to a French lady of high rank shows us what his design was:

"As I am infinitely fond of this child, and shall take a pride in making something of him, since I believe the materials are good, my notion is, to unite in him what I have never yet met with in any one individual—I mean, what is best in both nations. For this purpose I intend him his learned Englishman, who is likewise a man of sense, for the solid learning I would have him possessed of; and his French afternoon tutor, to give him, with the help of the companies into which he will introduce him, that ease, those manners, those graces, which certainly are nowhere to be found but in France."

In fact, he aspired to make the boy a complete man, according to his notions of what such a character was—a person fitted to shine and triumph in the high places of the world. And we learn the world of that day by seeing how he set about it.

Certainly he spared no pains. There are nearly four hundred of his letters to him extant, beginning with little Latin ones, to teach him Latin as a youngster; and French ones, to teach him French; and elementary instructions in geography and history. As Secretary of State he wrote many; and all through life he went on. With the letter to Montesquieu, or the letter to Voltaire, off went the letter to Philip Stanhope. He taught him all he knew about men and business; wrote freely and copiously of the characters and politics of that time, which alone would make these documents of high value. As soon as the boy was old enough, he got him into the diplomacy, and he strained every nerve of his interest and connection to push him forward.

In the first of the objects I mentioned just now he succeeded. Philip Stanhope became a man of solid attainments and good sense, but as for *the polish*, there a deficiency seems to have been early perceptible; the grain was good, but the surface was dull. Chesterfield labored to give him external brilliancy as a sculptor works at his marble. He writes again on the subject.

These letters, intended to form the lad's manners and graces, suggest various reflections. It is an obvious remark, that he insists with immense earnestness on points, not the highest which can employ a rational being's attention. But we must remember, 1st, that he was addressing a person whom he thought already possessed of a love of the solid excellencies of life, and with a view to a special deficiency in him; 2nd, that he was addressing a person destined to a particular career—to shine in the great world, such as the great world then was in Europe.

We must be fair to Lord Chesterfield. It would be perfectly silly to class him, on account of all this stress upon the graces, with a man like Brummell; for these graces with him were *means* to an *end*, and the end was social consequence, or political power. He wanted his son to be a great personage; and he argued that these were the arts by which that success was attained. It was a practical view. Chesterfield set no extraordinary value on kings or potentates, on birth or rank. As for the latter, he rather laughed at men who plumed themselves on pedigree; and one of his essays in the *World* is against them. His own descent was excellent; yet he hung up two portraits among those of his ancestors, one marked Adam *de* Stanhope, the other Eve *de* Stanhope, to quiz the vanity of birth. But he knew that the world was governed by kings, potentates, and men of family, and that they in their turn were governed by men of tact and address; and he wanted his son to be conspicuously a man of tact and address. If you had got Chesterfield quietly in a corner, in a serious mood—let us say on a gray day at Blackheath, with the scud coming up the sky in a sea-breeze—and had said to him, *What is the chief end of man? Is it the chief end of man to shine in Newcastle House, or to make the Prince of Wales laugh at a stupid party?* he would have shrugged his shoulders, and said, "These are all vanities; but such is the world, and we have to act in the world as we find it—*Que voulez-vous?*" There was no doubt a whole world of feelings lying deep in his nature which he never gave utterance to. Unquestionably, he was no trifler. He distinctly predicted the French Revolution in one of his letters some forty years before it began. His judgment of men and books was *sound*. When Hume's works began to appear, he saw their merit; when Robertson's first history came out, he declared its excellence. That, with so much solid ability, he should have joined such a regard for superficial attractions, shows us a great light into the character of those times, but should not induce us to underrate *him*. In fact, to judge of any man, we must try and put ourselves in *his* position; we must make up our minds to take him as he is. Chesterfield was not John Knox. A geranium is not a lily. Why should I quarrel with the lily because it is not a geranium, or *vice versa?* To do so, won't help me one whit to *understand* either of them; but it will very probably make me notably unjust to the one I do not happen to like.

No doubt that was an artificial period; and Chesterfield was too thoroughly a man-of-the-world not to bear deep traces of the world to which he belonged. There was little earnestness in that age. Poetry was at a low ebb; and the poetry of an era is always the best index of its state of sentiment. In Richardson's novels there is much mawkishness and cant; in Fielding's there is a great deal of coarseness, and a disposition to excuse everything in characters not utterly *worldly*, which shows that utter worldliness was exceedingly common and fashionable. Low theories of human nature were in vogue, theories which undervalued all worth in man and woman, which taught that self-interest was the mainspring of mankind, that "everybody had his price," and so on; and we know that there is a direct connection between low theory and low practice. That Chesterfield refined social life is certainly true; but of course his development of the truths that belong to the doctrine of manners bore the color of the period in which he lived.

The manners of Europe evidently took their rise in feudalism. It was in the bosoms of the old feudal castles that that chivalrous loyalty to women, that regard for rank and age, that respect for one's own dignity, which is indissolubly connected with a respect for everybody else's, gradually formed itself. When the Black Prince waited behind the chair of the King of France, after the battle of Poitiers, he embodied the whole sentiment in one beautiful act of courtesy. What the ancient gentlemen did spontaneously, and half-unconsciously, Chesterfield would have wished a later and less simple age to do deliberately, artistically—and though partly from good feeling, still partly, also, from policy, and for the sake of its convenience. Yet it is too much to expect a man to be beyond his age altogether; and good breeding is so immense a gain to social life, that the man who does anything for it, should be affectionately remembered.

Upon the whole, his plans for his son proved failures. Philip Stanhope had but a poor success in Parliament, was never conspicuous for the charm of his address, and rose no higher in his profession than to be British Envoy at Dresden. He was but thirty-six when he died; and Lord Chesterfield, now old, infirm, and melancholy, first heard that the grave had closed over so many ambitious hopes and plans, from a lady whom his son had married without consulting or informing him, and who presented, herself to the old peer with two sons. The blow must have been terrible. But we learn from the letters which Philip Stanhope's widow printed, that the good-natured old man, at extreme age, was as interested in the grandsons as he had been in the son, and anxious about their educations.

He lived for five years after this event; kept out of society by his decayed health. "Tyrawley and I," said he once, "have been dead these two years, but we don't want it to be known." At last the end came, in London, when he was in his eightieth year. His last scene was one of the most characteristic of all. Half-an-hour or so before his death the servant opened his bed-curtains, and announced his friend, Mr. Dayrolles. The old earl moved his head, and his last words were, "*Give Dayrolles a chair.*" This was the latest gleam of that sleepless courtesy for which he had been famous through life; and it is with a strange mixture of humor and tenderness, and many serious reflections on the age and the man, that one contemplates it. He died in 1773. He had been born only a few years after the death of Charles II., and he died several years after the birth of George IV., so that he forms a link between the fine gentlemen of those two epochs; and he certainly had more elegance than the earlier of the two sets, an much more wit than the later of them.

He was, in fact, the last of an old school. He had not been twenty years in his grave, when the troubles which he had predicted, broke forth in Europe. A period of tumult came on; Europe was shaken to its foundations, in an age of great passions, great crimes, great ideas, and great action. The unhealthy stillness was broken by a thunder storm. We now have, with all our faults, a greater earnestness, a higher literature, larger human sympathies, than the men among whom Chesterfield lived could boast. But we shall do well to remember, that he too, after his fashion, represented excellencies which ought not to be forgotten, and ideas which will always be true; and I confess, that I for one, cannot turn away without kindly feeling and admiration from contemplating the memory of PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE.

---

☞ Stealing houses is rather a novel idea, which is carried out in the West. A gentleman recently received a letter from Minnesota, stating that his house, on his pre emption, was *stolen* when the writer was temporarily away. An enterprising country, that.

☞ An old writer says pithily and suggestively: "There are countenances far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus."

☞ Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

☞ An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not want to leave his mother an orphan.

☞ When a lady sits down to the pianoforte, always volunteer to turn over the leaves. To be able to read music is of no consequence, as you will see she is at the bottom of the page when she stops short. If you turn over two leaves at once, you will probably have the secret thanks of most of the company.

☞ It is folly to think that you can make pork out of pig-iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by drinking sherry-cobblers.

☞ Wise men mingle innocent mirth with their cares, as a hope either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

☞ If you would increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money spent foolishly, and add it up at the end of the quarter.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows"

Mrs. Partington says that "if any one knows a bank where a "Wild Time" has *not* been produced this season, she would just like 'em to point it out.

☞ Love not your children unequally; or if you do, show it not, lest you make the one proud, the other envious, and both foolish. If nature has made a difference, it is the part of the tender parent to help the weakest.

☞ To excuse one's self before one is accused, is to own a foul crack in a false conscience.

☞ One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

☞ Boileau being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits, "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms. You call upon me merely to get rid of your time; when I call upon you I lose mine."

WEARING FLANNEL.—In our climate, fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a coquette in her smiles and favors, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health many precious lives might be saved, but pasteboard soles, low neck dresses, and fillipuian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article from the Scientific American if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave.

Put it on at once, Winter and Summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose red woollen shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing an irritation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no one can take cold; "red," for white flannel fills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious. Cotton-wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin, and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in Summer.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

---

HAVE MERCY ON THE CHILDREN.—Children's wills govern too much. If they do not choose to go to bed, they sit up; if they choose certain articles of food, they must have them, parents forgetting that instinct is no safe guide in a child, whatever it may be in an animal. So we see them in their delicate organization, keeping late hours when they should go to bed with the birds, sleeping often in warm and lighted rooms, when they should be cool and dark; and eating hot bread, pudding, and cake, and drinking hot tea and coffee, to the infinite detriment of nerves and stomach. The injury done can never be repaid; as a machine, if imperfectly constructed at first, can never be made to turn faultlessly.

This is the secret. Parents should know that instinct is no safe guide to a child, particularly when the child is surrounded on all sides with poisonous delicacies. To ask a child at a modern table what it will have, and give it what it asks for, merely because it asks for it, is a very common practice. But it is as foolish as common. Have mercy on the children.—*Independent.*

---

☞ Friendship has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

☞ "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that our parson, the laziest man living, can preach such long sermons?" "Why," said his neighbor, "he is too lazy to stop."

☞ It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long in the days of Methuselah. But the fact provisions are so high that nobody can affor to live very long at the current prices.

☞ A talent is perfected in solitude; character, in the stream of the world.—*Goethe*

☞ A schoolmaster, describing a money lender, says: "He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mo keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you the future."

☞ RUNNING IT INTO THE GROUND.—A multitude of ghostly advices attendant on the present tight times, seems to be like the "mons and soda water the day after" a debauc and in view of some of these "latest advice with regard to extravagance, we learn that it the intention of some of our horticulturists go largely into the cultivation of figs, in ord to be ready for the return to primitive fashi towards which people are tending.

☞ Mr. Malcolm Lewis is about to publi an elaborate letter on the causes of the Indi revolt, addressed to him by a Bengal Hind The writer of this letter asserts that missions colonels—their attempt, commenced at the ginning of the present year, to evangelise Indian army—and the greased cartridges w all active causes in producing the revolt; b the chief cause, he asserts, is to be found in century of excruciating misrule.—*Engl Paper.*

☞ Consolation indiscreetly pressed up us, when we are suffering under affliction, on serves to increase our pain, and to render grief more poignant.—*Rousseau.*

☞ A sailor dropped out of the rigging of ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, fell plump on the head of the first lieutenan "Wretch!" said the officer after he had pick himself up, "where did you come from "An' sure I came from the north of Irelan yer honor."

---

## PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

### MEATS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Beef.* | | *Mutton.* | |
| Roasting rib, ₩ lb | 14 @16 | Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb | 8 @16 |
| Sirloin steak | 14 @15 | Breast and Neck | 6 @ |
| Rump do | 12½@16 | Young Lamb, whole | @5. |
| Chuck pieces | 8 @12½ | Whole carcase | @ |
| Plates and navels | | *Veal.* | |
| Corned | 6 @10 | Fore quarter ₩ lb | |
| Tongues, fresh, | 65 @75 | Hind do | |
| Leg, each, | 31½@37½ | Chop | |
| Shin | 25 @ | Cutlet | |
| Kidney | 8 @12½ | Sweetbread, each | |
| Liver ₩ lb | 6½ | *Pork.* | |
| Dried Beef ₩ lb | 12 @20 | Young Pigs | @1 25 @1 |
| *Lamb.* | | Salt and fresh lb | 12 @ |
| Fore quarter | 75 @87½ | Feet, ₩ set | 18½@ |
| Hind do | 1 00 @1 12½ | Tripe, ₩ lb | 4 @ |
| Chop ₩ lb | 10 @12½ | Lard do | 12 @ |
| Calves Head, each | 25 @31 | Ham, sliced | 12½@ |
| | | Bologna Sausage | 16 @ |

### VEGETABLES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Turnips bkt | 25 @ | Corn potatoes bu | |
| do bf pk | 12½@ 14 | do bkt | |
| Beets bunch | 4 @ 5 | do bf pk | |
| Cabbage bbl | 87½@12½ | Onions bus | |
| do h'd | 5 @ 10 | Carrots doz | |
| Salad head | 1 @ 5 | Tomat's per bf peck | 6 |
| Sw Pots'es ₩ bus | @1 25@1 75 | do per basket | 50 @ |
| do do ₩ lb | 5 @ 6 | Egg Plants, each, | 3 @ |

### FRUIT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples ₩ bkt | 25 @1 00 | Cranberries qt | |
| do bf pk | 12½@ 25 | | |

### POULTRY AND GAME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spring Chickens ₩ pair | 31 @ 37 | Sqb Pig 'ns pr | 38 |
| Chickens ₩ pair | 37 @ 43 | Woodcocks | 50 @ |
| Pheasants | 75 @ 87½ | Frogs doz | 25 @ |
| | | Snipe, sand, | |

### SHELLFISH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Terrapin(South)ds | @4 @ 5 00 | Oysters, Absecom, | |
| do (Chas & Del) | 6 00@ 8 00 | ₩ bkt | @ |
| Lobsters lb | 8 @ 12 | do ₩ M | 4 00 |
| Clams M | 2 00 @2 50 | M Bay Cove M | 3 00 |
| | | N Y do ₩ bbl | 10 00 |

### FISH.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Halibut lb | 10 @12 | Perch bunch | |
| Bass | 6 @ 9 | Catfish | |
| Porgies | — @ 8 | Eels | @ |
| Flounders | — @ 6 | Salt Shad lb | |
| Cod | 5 @ 8 | " Mackerel | |
| Blackfish | — @ 8 | Dry Cod | |
| White Fish | — @ 8 | Sm'kd Herring bunch | |
| Rock | 8 @12½ | Fresh Salmon lb. | 25 |

### MISCELLANEOUS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Butter lb | 28 @35 | Honey lb | |
| Roll do | 16 @20 | Brownies cake | |
| Eggs doz | 16 @17 | | |

## NEWS ITEMS.

A WRONGED WOMAN'S REPLY.—Recently a man died at a tavern in this county, that he had long frequented, neglecting his family. The tavern keeper sent his wife word that he was dead and inquired her will. She replied:—"In life he was with you—he gave you his money, and drank your liquor, which undoubtedly caused his death; I now leave him with you to bury."—*Newburyport Herald.*

EXTREME SUPERSTITION.—A horrible scene (says the Weser Gazette) took place at Hanover a few days ago, on the occasion of an execution. Not only did a large crowd, many of them carrying bottles of brandy, assemble and commit gross excesses, but a number of individuals subject to epilepsy rushed to the scaffold at the moment the criminal's head fell to drink the blood, the popular belief being that it is a cure for epilepsy, and the executioner readily gave it to them!

MAR NOT THE CORNERS OF THY BEARD.—In India Major Evan Davis, in command of the cavalry of the Nizam's Contingent, a popular officer, was cut to pieces by his men, owing to the indiscretion of one of the young officers, who had the beard of one of his troopers shaved off by violence.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Oswego Times speaks of a family living on the "John Brown" tract, in New York, who have two girls, twins, of sixteen years, who have never been out of the wood—have never seen any house but their own, and never saw any females but their mother and sisters. They have been taught to read by their mother, and although they do not appear "fashionable," they are by no means as awkward as one would suppose. What a world of wonders yet lies before them? What a sight to them would be a railroad car, a steamboat, a city, a thousand things which we see every day.

SECEDERS from the Mormon Church, fleeing from the Danites of Salt Lake, have reached Nebraska, bringing the news that a large force of the Mormon militia, under Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, were preparing to leave Salt Lake City, with provisions and ammunition for a six weeks' campaign in the mountains to the eastward, and thus to stop, if possible, the passage of the United States troops.

RESULT OF THE "CRISIS."—The Dover (N. H.) Inquirer says:—"Sixty freight cars passed over the Boston and Maine Railroad, two mornings in succession last week, loaded with cotton from the Great Falls manufacturing establishments, which is sent to Boston to be shipped to England. We understand that 15,000 bales have been thus disposed of.

AT WHEELING, on Saturday, fifty cents per gallon was paid for Chinese sugar cane syrup. This syrup is said by the Hon. A. W. Venable, of North Carolina, to be valuable as a preventive of typhoid fever. He says a physician has assured him that where persons use much molasses they are never subject to typhoid fever.

MISSOURI BANKS.—A bill legalizing the suspension of the banks of Missouri till the 1st of November, 1858, has passed the Legislature.

THE London Daily News understands that the French Government have decided upon rescinding the prohibition against the export of corn and flour from France. To this step they are impelled, in consequence of strong remonstrances from the agricultural districts. One likely effect of the measure, according to the Daily News, will be to precipitate a fall in the English grain markets, which are already depressed by the high rate of interest coupled with the accounts from America.

A FAREWELL demonstration was given to Neal Dow, by the temperance men, at Liverpool, on the 23rd ult. He was a passenger in the Canada.

MR. TEN BROECK'S American horse, Prior, is dead.

LORD Macaulay has been elected High Steward of Cambridge.

A NORTH CAROLINA MARRIAGE.—A singular marriage lately took place in Wilkes county, N. C. A man, named Holloway, married his step-mother, the second wife, the widow of his own father! She had six children, three of them by his father, and three by himself; and having nine children of his own, the couple set up housekeeping with 15 children.

RATHER DISCOURAGING.—The receipts of the Massachusetts agricultural fair, held last week, were only $1,696; much less than the expenses.

THE gold shipments of California to all countries, are now about forty millions a year.

THE overland immigration is still making its way to the California borders, and the report is that it meets with considerable trouble from the Indians and a lot of white robbers who are in companionship with savages. Parties from California have gone out the wagon routes, in order to fall in with the perpetrators of the outrages, and punish them accordingly.

THE Citizens' Bank of New Orleans resumed the 5th.

GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD.—The reports of the California mines the last six years are down at $443,691,000; those of Australia, since their discovery, at $206,613,000, or $729,904,000 in all an increase of about one-third, according to the best statistical writers, on the value of precious metals known in 1850. The total value of gold and silver the world at the present time, then, is upwards of 1,000,000,000.

IT is said the New York Banks are making preparations to resume before the 1st of January, about which time the Legislature meets. The present slight difference there between bank notes and coin will much favor this consummation.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MONSTER.—Nena Sahib, a man who has recently distinguished himself in India, by nailing live children in wooden boxes and roasting them into the flames, according to a French letter, cannot read a tender line in Byron or Shakspeare without being moved to tears! He speaks French, Italian and English, is acquainted with their moral literatures, talks the latter as fluently and ably as any "gentleman de Hyde Park," and translated Hamlet into Hindoo, to the great admiration of competent critics.

AN OLD gentleman recently died in Lehigh co., who had been suspected of having considerable money in his house, although no one knew the amount. On examining the premises after his death no less than *seven thousand dollars* were found in specie, which had doubtless been saving and concealing for many years. The Easton Argus is responsible for the truth of this story.

OLD PARSON MUDGE, of Essex county, got to be rather unpopular with his flock toward the latter part of his labors. They could not dismiss him as he was settled for life, and he was not to be either coaxed, bought, or scared off, so he continued his preaching—but every Sunday his audience grew less and less, till it had dwindled to a baker's dozen. Howbeit, the old parson kept along in the even tenor of his way, declaring that he would not give up as long as he could say "we." Finally his flock was reduced to one solitary old deacon, to whom he preached for nearly a year, when the old saint died—then, as the indomitable preacher-man could not say "we," he up the pulpit.

ONE THREE or four weeks ago, a family came to New Albany, Indiana, from Ohio, bringing them an infant child. The mother and child sick with the typhoid fever, and the child died. father went to several coffin-makers to procure a but not succeeding, got a shoe-box, carried it filled it partly with chunks, spread a cloth there, and in the shoe-box placed the child. done, he took the box under his arm, carried it the grave-yard, and deposited his earthly hope not silently and alone. This is rather a hard case, a Christian community, too—a community rejoicing in a Young Men's Christian Union, and about churches, where monthly contributions are *for the heathen!*

THE SMALL DEBTS ILLUSTRATED.—A Fredericksburg merchant went to Caroline Court on a occasion with a $100 note of a certain denomination. Shortly after he got on the green he paid it a farmer. The farmer soon discharged an indebtedness to some one else, and thus the note kept on motion of liquidation until near the heel of the day, when it was again paid back to the same man who took it there, and he brought it back to Fredericksburg. Having the curiosity to trace its course, he found that $1,000 worth of debts had been paid by that $100 note on a single day.—*Fredericksburg Herald.*

BREADSTUFFS in France had fallen to ordinary prices in consequence of the plentiful crops.

SHARES of Pennsylvania Bank Stock sold recently at the Stock Board for 86 per share. Six months ago they sold for $110.

THE KING'S EVIL.—There is an old woman now residing in the Parish of Wye, in Herts, (England), who has in her possession a silver figure of an angel, which was placed round her great-grandmother's neck by King Charles II., as a certain cure for the King's Evil.—*Kentish Independent.*

M. PERRET, the editor of the well-known medical journal the Moniteur des Hopitaux, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for speaking (not in his journal, but by word of mouth,) disrespectfully of the Emperor of France. The public is never allowed an opportunity of forming an opinion upon the merits of a case of this kind, as the trial is conducted secretly by the police tribunal, and no report is permitted.

CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE.—On the 27th, the California State Agricultural Fair was held in the city of Stockton. It was arranged on a most comprehensive scale, and included within its scope agricultural products, works of mechanical art, both useful and ornamental, and live stock. The display was exceedingly creditable to the State. Squashes weighing 261 pounds, beets of 90 pounds, potatoes of 20 pounds, apples and pears weighing 28 and 30 ounces each, corn-stalks 20 feet in height, indicated the wonderful productiveness of California soil, and challenge comparison with the world. A large wagon was also on exhibition, which weighed over five thousand pounds, and was capable of carrying 12 tons of merchandise. It was intended for a team of twelve mules. Among the incidents of the Fair was a display of female equestrianism, characteristic of California in some remarkable respects, and not easy to be excelled. One young lady, after riding nearly all night, from Sacramento to Stockton, entered the lists on the ensuing morning, and secured the first prize. Among other accomplishments in this department, she showed that she could saddle her horse, leap on his back from the ground, then unsaddle him, remount in the same way, and then ride him at full speed bare-back, *a la woman*. A little girl of eight years only, joined in the race, and came near gaining the first prize. She could also saddle her horse, change her position in full career, from a female attitude to that of a male, and ride her horse with a rope about his nose, instead of a bridle. The exhibition was attended by thousands from all parts of the State, and so great was the assemblage that accommodations for sleeping could hardly be found.

A FEARFUL JUDGMENT.—The Hollidaysburg Standard, of a late date, says: "For some days past there has been a singular story afloat in this community. Whether true or not, we are not prepared to say, but the information comes from such a reliable source that we are free to say there must be something in it. It appears that one day last week a man in the neighborhood of Mount Union, Huntingdon county, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him, that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a wilful, malicious and wicked manner, that will not bear putting in print. He left the barn, and went to the house, where he seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife, and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I heard somebody say that I must sit here till the Judgment Day.' It is now alleged that he is *still sitting in the chair*, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving his body. His family, it is said, has left the house, where he still remained, seated in the chair on Saturday last! What a terrible warning to blasphemers, who suffer their passions to oversway their judgment!

THE ELECTIONS—NEW YORK.—The Democrats have carried the State, by a majority of probably 10,000. Legislature doubtful.

WISCONSIN.—The Wisconsin election has resulted in favor of the Republicans, who have elected their Governor and a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

OHIO.—The full official vote of Ohio, gives Chase, the Republican candidate for Governor, a plurality of 1,500 over Payne, Dem., while the American vote is 10,227.

LOUISIANA.—The Democratic State ticket has been elected, Miles Taylor, anti-Slidell Democrat, has been re-elected from the Second Congressional District. George Eustis, Jr., American, member of the last Congress, has also been re-elected from the First District. In the Third and Fourth Districts the Slidell Democrats are probably elected. The Legislature is Democratic.

NEW JERSEY.—The election has resulted in the Democrats carrying both branches of the Legislature by an increased majority.

MINNESOTA.—The State generally seems to have gone Democratic, though Ramsey (Repub.) is elected Governor.

WESTERN HOG TRADE.—The Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal, of Saturday, says:—Dealers in pork are offering $4,50 for hogs deliverable in season, on time, or $4 cash. Unless the money market improves, the cash transactions in hogs will be very limited here and in many other places.

The dealers in Madison have made arrangements for about 25,000 head of hogs at an average of $6 30 per 100 lbs., on which the buyers have already advanced the large sum of $230,000, and of this amount not more than $95 000 has been borrowed from the banks—the rest of it has been derived from the "cash capital of the solid men of the place." Whatever may be the condition of the market, the Madison Courier thinks the dealers will be able to stand it without asking favors from abroad.

The Evansville Journal says:—We have seen letters from New Orleans and from New York, expressing the opinion that no purchases of hogs should be at rates above 3½c. Some dealers think it unsafe to go above 3c.

The Delphi Journal states that a beef packing establishment in that place has commenced slaughtering, and will probably pack about 3,000 head this season.

STEAM GOING A WHALING.—It is said that the whaleship America, which sailed from New Bedford on Wednesday of last week, took out a steam whaleboat. The machinery consists of two oscillating engines placed in the stern, which drive a paddle wheel. This boat can be propelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour—two more than the usual speed of the whale. It is about two feet longer and one foot wider than the ordinary whale boats. The steam generating cylinders can resist a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch. This innovation evidently contemplates an abandonment of the old method of approaching the whale by stealth, and is a long chase will be a great labor-saving machine, but it is doubtful if the experienced blubber hunters will trust themselves in a steamboat to fight whales. Safety in this business depends upon celerity of movement, and while an ordinary whaleboat, managed by skilled oarsmen, would "starn all" and evade the uplifted dukes of the whale, a screw steamboat would be knocked higher than a kite, boiler and all. To tow the whaleboats it would no doubt be very serviceable, leaving back in good wind to tackle the fish, after he had reached the scene of action.

THE MARIPOSA CLAIM.—The California News Letter, noticing the departure of Col. Fremont, says:

"Col. Fremont leaves our State by the present outgoing mail steamer, the Golden Gate, en route for the East and Europe, whither he proceeds with the now completed survey of his vast domain, Los Mariposas. About fifty tons of auriferous quartz from the various veins, yielding, with the present imperfect methods of reduction, fifty dollars and upwards per ton, have been shipped, in order that the savans of Europe may confirm, by the severity of their tests, its unquestionable richness. Col. Fremont has, by his brief sojourn among us, discharged every lien and outstanding claim against the property incurred in its development, and is proceeding to Europe to perfect arrangements by which the construction of the extensive canal for mining and irrigating purposes can more fully exhibit the incalculable richness of the Mariposas."

A ROMANTIC REALITY.—The Cincinnati Gazette relates that a few days since a white-haired old man was standing in one of the market places of that city, recounting the incidents which had happened to him during a checkered existence. It seems that about thirty years ago he deserted, in a cowardly mood his wife and three children, living in Lancaster, Pa., because he had no means of supporting them, and took to the sea, visited various parts of the world—Europe, the Holy Land, South America, (where he remained several years,) California, and lastly China, but in all his wanderings, poverty adhered to him, like the shirt of Nessus, and a few months ago he returned to New York, infirm, needy, and almost worn out. He commenced a search for his wife and children among his old friends at Lancaster, but the deserted wife and one of her children had lain years in the grave, and the old man again set forth a wanderer and a stranger in the land. Chance directed his footsteps to Cincinnati, and while he was relating his adventures to a group of listeners, as above mentioned, a young cabinet maker paused to listen as he was on his way to dinner, and questioning the old man, discovered that he was *his father*. The son was a young man when his parent left home, but had heard enough of his history to know that the wanderer before him was his father. He took the old man warmly by the arm, carried him to his boarding-house, and will smooth his footpath to the grave with filial kindness.

A MERMAID.—The following declaration of two fishermen, on the Argyle-shire coast, appears in a contemporary:—"We, the undersigned, do declare that, on Thursday last, the 4th of June, 1857, when on our way to the fishing station, Lochisdal, in a boat, and when about four miles south-west from the village of Port Charlotte, being then about six P. M., we distinctly saw an object, about six yards from us, in the shape of a woman, with full breast, dark complexion, comely face, and fine hair hanging in ringlets over the neck and shoulders. It was above the surface of the water to about the middle, gazing at us, and shaking its head. The weather being fine, we had a full view of it, and that for three or four minutes.—John Williamson, John Cameron.—Islay, June 9, 1857."

POISONOUS CHEESE.—Two young ladies in this city were poisoned last week by cheese procured from a neighboring grocery, and it was feared for some time that one would not recover. A whole family were poisoned in a similar manner some years since, and an investigation was made into the matter at that time, which showed that in the interstices or pores of the cheese, an oil collected, which possessed poisonous qualities, to which the illness of the family alluded to was ascribed. The oil was plainly to be seen on cutting the cheese.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*


HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON,
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

Every family should have a bottle of these Bitters in the house.
ONE DOSE will instantly relieve a sick stomach.
ONE DOSE will cure the most distressing heart-burn.
ONE DOSE will allay any agitation of the nerves.
ONE DOSE taken an hour before meals will give a good appetite.
ONE DOSE will in many cases cure the most severe headache, when proceeding from a disordered stomach.
These Bitters can be obtained at any Druggist's or seller of Patent Medicines in the United States and Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This peculiarly efficacious medicine, as a remedy for Dyspepsia, has no equal, and a trial will satisfy the most skeptical sufferer that its value cannot be over-estimated. It will *cure* Dyspepsia.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES IN LADIES' FURS. CHARLES OAKFORD & SON, Importing and Manufacturing Furriers, No. 624 Chestnut Street below 7th, will close their entire stock of Ladies' Furs without regard to cost. oct31-tf

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf


## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The late foreign accounts note a declining market in Liverpool for Breadstuffs, but these advices have not as yet affected here. The export demand for Flour is limited, but holders are firm in their demands.—Sales of 3000 bbls at $5.25@5.50 ₱ bbl for common and select brands, and $5,75@6 for extra, including 1000 bbls extra family on terms kept private. At the close there was more inquiry, and holders generally refused our lowest figure. There has been a steady demand for home consumption within the range for common and extra brands, and $6.25 up to $7 for extra family and fancy lots. Rye Flour is in limited demand. Small sales at $4.12½.—Corn Meal is dull and has declined. Sales of 200 bbls Pennsylvania, part at $3.37½ ₱ bbl, and part on private terms, including some at our lowest figure.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat during the past week have been small, but the demand has mostly been confined to the wants of the city millers, and prices remain without change. Sales of about 30,000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania, ranging from $1.10 for inferior to $1.27 ₱ bus for prime Red, and $1,35@1,35 for White. Rye comes forward slowly, and is in steady demand at 75c for Penna, and 73c for Delaware. Corn has been in fair demand, and has advanced 5c ₱ bus. Sales of 15,000 bus old yellow at 72@73c; 4000 bus at 74@75c, closing at the latter rate; and 3500 bus new yellow at 56@57c. Oats have been in good request, at full rates, and 3000 bus new Delaware sold at 36c. Penna.

PROVISIONS—Are dull. The stocks of most descriptions are about exhausted, and the transactions have been of a very limited character, with a downward tendency in prices. Small sales of Western Mess Pork at $21@21,50, cash, which is a decline. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $10@11, cash. Bacon—but little doing, but little left in open market. Small sales of Hams at 11@11½c ₱ lb for plain and canvassed. Sides at 14c, and Shoulders at 12c ₱ lb, cash. The season is closed, and no activity will prevail until after supplies of new commence coming forward. Lard comes forward very slowly, and there is very little demand for it. Small sales of bbls at 11 @12c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash. Butter—Continues to meet a very limited inquiry at the decline noted last week. Small sales of solid packed at 14@16c, and Roll at 16@16c ₱ lb, cash. A lot of very inferior sold at 10c. Prices of Eggs and Cheese continue as last quoted. The former are selling at 15@16c ₱ doz.

BARK—There is a good demand for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of 100 bbls No 1 were made at $30 ₱ ton. At the close there was but little left unsold. In Tanner's Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX—Comes in slowly, and good yellow commands 29@30c ₱ lb. cash.

CANDLES—There is but little demand for any description. Sales of city manufactured Adamantine at 21c ₱ lb, on time. Tallow have declined, but Sperm are unchanged.

COAL.—Prices remain without change. There has been very little demand for shipment, and the market is very dull. There has been rather more inquiry for home consumption. Bituminous Coal is very dull.

COFFEE—The market has been extremely quiet; the the auction sale of Tuesday having absorbed most of the attention of the trade. There were 1750 bags Rio offered, most of which was disposed of at 11@11½c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days, averaging 10,45. This establishes a decline of full 1c. By private contract the transactions comprise only 300 bags at 11c@11½c for Rio, and 11c for Laguayra.

COPPER—Is quite dull, and the sales of English Sheathing and Yellow Metal have been only in small lots, at our quotations.

COTTON—Continues extremely quiet, there being but little stock here, and little or no demand for it. Sales of 100 bales Upland and Mobile at 12c 4c ₱ lb, cash.

DRUGS AND DYES.—But very little doing in any article—holders manifesting no desire to realize, except for cash. Small sales of Soda Ash at 2½c.; Bleaching Powders, in lots, at 3c., a cargo of St. Domingo Logwood, and some Limestone on private terms.

FEATHERS—There is very little inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots at 50@52c. ₱ lb. on time, for good Western.

FISH—There is no demand for Mackerel, except in small lots from store, and prices have declined $1 ₱ bbl. Small sales at $12@12,50 ₱ bbl, for medium No. 1's; $11@ 11,50 for No. 2, and $9@9,25 for large No. 3. Codfish sold in a small way at $2,50@4 ₱ 100 lbs. 600 bbls. Pickled Herring sold on terms not made public.

FRUIT—Two cargoes of new Malaga Raisins have arrived, and partly been disposed of on terms not made public, and prices are $1,62½ for whole, half and quarter boxes. 30 boxes Malaga Lemons sold at $2,25, and 30 boxes at a price kept secret. In Domestic Fruit there is a fair trade doing. Green Apples are selling from $1,50 to 2,75 ₱ bbl., and Cranberries from $7 to 8,50. A few Dried Apples were sold at 7c. ₱ lb.

GINSENG—A small sale of Crude was made at 45c ₱ lb. cash.

GUANO—There is little or no demand for any description, but the stocks are light, and we continue our former quotations.

HEMP—Is extremely quiet, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—An import of South American has arrived and remains unsold.

HOPS—Continue very dull and prices favor buyers. Small sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 9@10c ₱ lb.

INDIGO—Holders are firm in their demands, but there is nothing doing.

IRON—The transactions have been of a very important character. The market continues very much depressed, and prices of Pig Metal are unsettled. Small sales are reported at $23 ₱ ton, cash, for No 1; $22 for No 2, and $20 for No 3. In Scotch Pig nothing doing, and prices are nominal. Prices of Blooms, Bars and Boiler Iron remain without change.

LEAD—Is dull. Two invoices of Spanish have arrived, and remain unsold.

LEATHER—Is dull, and we reduce our quotations 2c ₱ lb for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter.

LUMBER—The sales have been of a very unimportant character, and prices continue about as last quoted.

MOLASSES—The market continues extremely quiet, there being very little demand for any description. Small sales of Cuba Muscovado at 3 42½c. on time, and 40 bbls Syrup, by auction, at 35@37c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—But very little doing in any description. A small sale of Tar at $1.75 ₱ bbl. In Rosin and Pitch nothing doing. The demand for Spirits Turpentine is moderate, and further sales of 200 bbls were made at 45@46c, cash, the latter being an advance.

OILS—The sales of Fish Oils have been only in small lots from store, at former rates. Lard Oil is held at $1, cash. In Red Oil no further transactions. Linseed Oil is dull at 85c.

PLASTER—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last notice.

RICE—Is but little inquired after, and prices are unchanged. Small sales at 4½@5c ₱ lb, cash.

SALT—An invoice of Turks Island and one of St. Martins sold on terms kept secret.

SEEDS—The receipt of Cloverseed continue small, and it has been in steady demand at $4,75@5 ₱ 64 lbs. Some shipments are making to Liverpool. Timothy is not inquired after. A small sale at $2,12½. Flaxseed is dull.

SALTPETRE—There is nothing doing, and but little stock of E. I. Crude here to operate in. Refined is lower.

SPICES.—The only transaction is a lot of Pimento by auction at 9c ₱ lb. cash.

SPIRITS.—In Brandy, Gin and Rum, there has been very little doing, and prices continue as last quoted. Whiskey has been in fair request, with sales of 1200 bbls, at 21½c for Pennsylvania; 22½c for Ohio; bbls. at 21c, and Drudge at 20c.

SEGARS—The market is extremely quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 350 bbls Cuba at 7@11c ₱ lb, on time.

TALLOW—But little offering. Sales of Rendered at 9½c ₱ lb. cash.

TEAS—There has been very little inquiry, and the sales have not at our last quotations.

TOBACCO—Is very quiet—there being no inquiry, except for small lots of Manufactured, and prices are unchanged.

WINES—No transactions worthy of notice, except about 100 casks sweet and dry Malaga at 2½, on time.

WOOL. The market has been extremely quiet, confidence having been completely destroyed, and the dealers manifesting an unwillingness to operate, except for cash.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th of Sept. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THEODORE H. LINDEROH, to Miss MARY L. GILLAM, both of this city.

On the 6th of Sept. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM H. FERGUSON, to Miss AMELIA V. HOBE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSEPH K. MATLACK, of Philadelphia, to HELEN, daughter of Wm. Fox, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 24 instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. ANDREW HEPBURN, to Miss MARGARET MOORE, both of this city.

On the 24 instant, by the Rev. D. Tillow, Mr. WILLIAM H. MALLON, to Miss REBECCA A. CRIPPS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Mr. WILLIAM GAGE, Jr. of Erie, Pa. to Miss LIZZIE B. MCCARTER, of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Caldhopper, Mr. CHARLES E. DERBY, to Miss SUSAN NAYLOR, all of Camden, N. J.

On the 25 h ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM MCBRIDE, to Miss HANNAH M. adopted daughter of Mr. Saml. Dickinson.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. DANIEL MCCLINTOCK, to Miss MARGARET GREER, both of Port Richmond.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. G. CHARLES MICHELBACH, to Miss EMMA WIRTH, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JAMES A. STEPHENS, to Miss MARY J. DEVER, both of Philadelphia.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. HANNAH K. widow of the late Col. Jesse P. Fairlamb.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY MYERS, aged 73 years.

On the 3d instant, ROSINA B. RITTENHOUSE.

On the 2d instant, ALBERT CARPENTER, aged 22 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ANN KENNEY, aged 70 years.

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH P. wife of Jos. C. Smith, aged 64 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. SARAH GARTON, aged 67 years.

On the 1st instant, Miss MARY HARRIS, aged 46 years.

On the 2d instant, Miss SARAH J. RAMBO, aged 47.

On the 2d instant, HENRY C. TAYNTON, aged 29 years.

On the 2d instant, at Marshallton, Chester county, Mrs. SARAH HUNTON, aged 37 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. JAMES GLEASON, aged 37 years.

On the 1st instant, PETER LIPPINCOTT, of Westfield, N. J. aged 81 years.

At the U. S. N. Academy, Annapolis, Md. Mrs. SARAH ROGET, aged 85 years.

On the 31st ultimo, ELIZABETH BECHTEL, aged 18.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. BARBARA HESS, aged 76 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. JACOB EDWARDS, aged 52 years.

On the 1st instant, SARAH A. WETHERILL, aged 56.

On the 1st instant, Mr. THOMAS HARTLEY, aged 60.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. ISABELLA J. ROBERTS, aged 67.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. MARY REEVES.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. MARY ELLIOTT, aged 45 years.

On the 31st ultimo, MARY, wife of John Mooney, aged 45 years.

On the 1st instant, Miss ELIZABETH M. BARROW, aged 64 years.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **LOANS.** | | |
| U S 6 pr ct | | |
| " " | '41 — | — |
| " " | '47 100 | — |
| " " | '48 100 | — |
| " 5 " | '55 — | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct | 82½ | 83 |
| " " new | 89½ | 90 |
| " 5 " | — | — |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| Penn 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " " coupon | — | — |
| Allegh city 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " " county 6 | — | — |
| Alle co RR 6's | — | — |
| Penn " | 99½ | 91 |
| " " coupon | 93½ | 94 |
| Tenn 6 pr ct | 77 | 78 |
| " 5 " coupon | 63 | 64 |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 85 | — |
| Penn RR 6 pr ct | 99 | 99 |
| 2d m'tloan '55 | 78 | 80 |
| C & Am RR 6 pr ct | 62 | 64 |
| P G & N RR " | 88 | 90 |
| Reading RR " | 63 | 65 |
| " m'rt " | 72 | 75 |
| B & L an RR " | — | — |
| Che & RR " | — | — |
| Penn RR " | — | — |
| Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct | 61 | 63 |
| Long I RR " | — | — |
| Sch Nav '32 " | 54 | 56 |
| Lehigh Nav " | 82½ | 84 |
| Alent " | 88 | 90 |
| C & D C " | — | — |
| Sus & Tid " | 43 | 50 |
| Union Canal 1st m'rt 5 pr ct | 33½ | 40 |
| Wil'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct | 55 | 60 |
| 2d " 7 pr ct | 50 | 60 |
| Catawissa " | 37 | 40 |
| North Penna 6 pr ct | 47½ | 48 |
| **RAILROAD STOCK.** | | |
| Cam & Amboy | 86 | 88 |
| Farmers, R'y | 55½ | 56 |
| Bea Meadow | 47 | 48 |
| North Penna | 8 | 9 |
| Phil Ger & Nor | 55½ | 56 |
| Reading | 18 | 18½ |
| Minehill | 54½ | 55½ |
| Har & Lan | 47 | 48 |
| Chester Val | — | 5 |
| Piqua " | — | — |
| " preferred | — | — |
| P W & Balt | 28 | 29 |
| Long Island | 31 | 34 |
| Wil sport & Elmira | — | — |
| Catawissa " | 7 | 7½ |
| **CANAL STOCKS.** | | |
| Sch Nav | 7½ | 8 |
| " preferred | 14½ | 14½ |
| Lehigh Nav | 14 | 15 |
| Morris consolidated | 35 | 40 |
| " preferred | 82 | 85 |
| C & Del | — | — |
| Union | 3 | 3½ |
| Sus & Tidewater | 8 | 9 |
| **BANK STOCKS.** | | |
| North Amer | — | — |
| Penna | 94 | 10 |
| Phila | 98 | 100 |
| Far & Mec | 95½ | 96 |
| Commercial | 94 | 95 |
| N Liberty | — | 89 |
| Mechanics | 20 | 25 |
| Southwark | — | 89 |
| P Township | — | 89 |
| Kensington | — | 89 |
| Girard | 94 | 94½ |
| Western | — | 89 |
| Man & Mech | — | 89 |
| Commerce | — | 89 |
| Tradesman's | — | 89 |
| City | — | 89 |
| Consolidation | — | 89 |
| Commonwealth | — | 89 |
| Corn Exchange | — | 89 |
| Pittsburg | — | 89 |
| M & M Pitts | — | 89 |
| Ex'ge Pitts | — | 89 |
| Kentucky | — | 89 |
| Northern, Ky | — | 102 |
| Louisville, Ky. | — | 100 |
| Farmers, Ky. | — | 100 |
| Union, Nash Tenn | — | 97 |
| Plant's, Tenn. | — | 100 |
| Com & R Vick | — | — |
| N O Gas Lt | 109 | 113 |

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
*No. 39 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, November 7, 1857.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Pennsylvania.** | | **Georgia.** | |
| Solvent bks | par to 1¼ dis | Solv bks | 3 dis |
| Relief notes | par | **South Carolina.** | |
| **New Jersey.** | | Solv bks | 6 dis |
| Solvent bks | par to 15 dis | **Alabama.** | |
| **Delaware.** | | Solv bks | 10 dis |
| Solvent bks | par | **Mississippi.** | |
| **Maryland.** | | All bks | uncertain |
| Baltimore | 2½ dis | **Louisiana.** | |
| Solvent bks | 5 dis | Solv bks | 15 dis |
| **New York.** | | **Ohio.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solv bks | 5 dis |
| **Maine.** | | **Kentucky.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solv bks | 5 dis |
| **New Hampshire.** | | **Indiana.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solvent bks | 5 dis |
| **Vermont.** | | **Illinois.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solvent bks | 20 to 50 dis |
| **Connecticut.** | | **Missouri.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solv bks | 6 dis |
| **Massachusetts.** | | **Tennessee.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solv bks | 20 to 50 dis |
| **Rhode Island.** | | **Michigan.** | |
| Solv bks | par | Solv bks | 15 dis |
| **Virginia.** | | **Wisconsin.** | |
| Solv bks | 5 to 10 dis | | 10 to 15 dis |
| **North Carolina.** | | **Texas.** | |
| Solv bks | 8 to 10 dis | Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston | 20 dis |
| **Canada.** | | | |
| Solv bks | 3½ dis | | |


GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

Comes freighted with its usual cargo of refined and excellent things. "Godey" "reign and rule" in the feminine world. The present number contains no less than thirty fine embellishments, particularly interesting to ladies. The superb FASHION PLATES, and STEEL ENGRAVINGS, the Patterns for Needle work and Embroidery, are of themselves worth treble the subscription. And the charming tales, the "Poetic Gems," the "Useful Receipts," and the editor's instructive, entertaining and suggestive table, are all so many extras.

*Godey's* is peculiarly an American Institution—a grand vehicle for conveying refined sentiments and a knowledge of female accomplishments to the masses.

No household should be without it. If you wish your daughters to have a superior teacher, one whose silent influence will attract, charm, instruct, and refine her, present her with a copy of "Godey." It will be one of the best and most profitable $3,00 investments you ever made.—*Herald and Express, Carlisle.*

One Copy one year, $3.
Two Copies one year, 5.
Three Copies one year, 7.
Six Copies one year, 10.
Address L. A. GODEY,
323 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

150 VALUABLE RECIPES, Beautiful Arts, Choice Secrets, New Discoveries, &c., all sent, post-paid, for only 12½ cents. Address C. H. LONG, Brasher Falls, New York. nov14-2

WANTED—Male and Female Agents, to sell a new book, just published, a work that will sell to every lady to whom it may be presented. It is a production of rare merit and beauty, by a distinguished clergyman. Apply to the Publishers.
WENTWORTH & COMPANY,
oct17-tf 96 Washington Street, Boston.

G. & A. LIGHTBODY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PRINTING INKS,
NO. 41 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

Printing Inks of all qualities and colors. Also, Varnishes Size, &c., furnished, promptly and in quantities to suit purchasers.
ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED
aug22-6m


## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


For your Wife, Daughter, Sister, or Friend.

T. S. ARTHUR'S
HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED by T

# Wit and Humor.

## PHILANTHROPOS—HIS DIARY.

*Monday.*—Set on foot a subscription for the purchase of a horse and carriage for Rev. Mr. Sprawl. Was asked by one if St. Paul ever desired a horse and carriage to enable him to pay his parishioners a visit. Told him I thought there was considerable difference between the two. Think I had him.

*Tuesday.*—A gentleman met me to day, addressing me by the name of Jones. I assured him my name was not Jones. Asked my pardon, and requested the loan of a quarter, as he found difficulty in procuring change. Loaned it to him, and he left me with the promise of coming to-morrow and paying it. Regretted it had not been fifty cents he asked for.

*Wednesday.*—Seeing a dog with a heavy basket in his mouth, attempted to take it from him, in order to relieve him. Snarled at me, and would have bitten me had I not relinquished it. Queried in my mind whether I should abandon a great principle because one puppy snarled at me. Resolved to stand as firm as bricks.

*Thursday.*—Poor woman asking for cold victuals. Don't like them myself. Did not insult her by offering her any that were hot. Mem.—that poverty begets a taste for cold victuals. The young man to whom I loaned the money did not appear yesterday. Hope no accident happened to him.

*Friday.*—Saw a boy with a wheelbarrow of papers that appeared heavy. Asked him to let me wheel it a little way for him. He immediately complied, and thereafter cried "Hi, hi!" in a shrill tone, and bade me "propel," at the same time applying a strap to my person. I rebuked him for his conduct, and his reply was simply a contraction of countenance, that some might term a grin, and a remark in a low tone that sounded much like "old cove," coupled with the injunction to "go in," but I could not see the relevancy of what he said.

*Saturday.*—Much distressed to day by the statement of a poor blind man who told me that he had not a book in his house that he could read. Gave him a polyglot printed in diamond type, at which he appeared very grateful. My heart ached for the poor, regretting my inability to help them. Gave ten dollars towards the new organ. Rebuked the extravagance of a young man who purchased four cents' worth of chestnuts when he could have put his money to so much better purpose.

*Sunday.*—Bade James shut the door on this sacred day against all beggars. My sympathies are so acute that I am glad to have one day to myself to get out of the way of so much lacerration of my feeling.

[The foregoing is evidently but one leaf, but it shows how that man is laboring for the good of the world. And is the world sufficiently grateful? We fear not.]—*Boston Gazette.*

Georgia Short Sword Exercise.—A Georgia paper is responsible for the following spicy correspondence:

COVINGTON, March 24th.

*Cashier Bank of East Tennessee*—Sir: Inclosed you have a bill on your bank, which is rejected by my exchange broker. If it is worth anything, send me its value in current money. If *dead broke*, please send a *lock of your hair.*

Respectfully, L. B——.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 31st.

DEAR SIR:—Inclosed I hand you a S. C. Bill for your note, same amount, received in yours of the 24th. I am nearly bald, or I would send you the lock of hair. If you say so, I will send you a *front tooth.*

Yours, truly,

CHARLES D. SMITH, President.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 31st ultimo, is at hand, covering the *needful*, for which accept my thanks. I supposed you used the razor freely on others, as is usual with gentlemen in your line, but I had no idea you kept up the custom of shaving your own cranium, like the ancient Shylocks of Jewish descent. Save the metal to grind the poor, and you will doubtless find your "front tooth" capable of much to sustain your circulation.

Yours, truly, L. B——.

Put Them Out.—The venerable Dr. Smith was preaching to his rural charge one of the warmest of last summer's Sunday nights, and, while he was waxing warmer in his discourse, he observed also that one of the large lamps at his hand was waning and ready to expire. Just as he discovered it he was exclaiming, in reference to the impracticability of escape from the law, "*Which way shall he turn?*" and, saying that, he put out his hand to give the lamp a turn to brighten up the dying luminary; but an officious deacon near the pulpit seeing that he was turning the wrong way, and would have it out in a minute, cried out, "*Turn to the right*, Doctor! turn to the right!" The sudden answer to the Doctor's question put him out completely and the lamp at the same time.

A Long Slumber.—Lord North was accustomed to sleep during the Parliamentary harangues of his adversaries, leaving Sir Grey Cooper to note down anything remarkable. During a debate on ship-building, some tedious speaker entered on a historical detail, in which, commencing with Noah's ark, he traced the progress of the art regularly downwards. When he came to build the Spanish Armada, Sir Grey inadvertently awoke the slumbering premier, who inquired at what era the honorable gentleman had arrived. Being answered, "we are now in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," "Dear Sir Grey," said he, "why not let me sleep a century or two more?"

How to Quarrel with your Wife.—(*An unfailing recipe.*)—Wait until she is at her toilet, preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the life of nine tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark, that you never knew but one who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her then? You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Bowker, who is fond of nice things for breakfast, and sometimes markets for himself, becomes an object of interest, from having laid in half-a-pound of fresh sausages—which sausages are in his coat-pocket!

## THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Little Ike Partington has written another School Composition. It is descriptive of the Bird of Jove, and reads in manner and form as follows:

This is the greatest bird that ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away up on the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits upon the tops of the cliff, and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and soars all around on his opinions over land and water, to see what he can pounce down upon. But though he is called a very cruel bird, he always prays before eating, just like any other good, moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats it so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steals chickens wherever he can see them. He has been known to carry off a young baby to his nest, which seems to show that eagles love little children. He is a bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten dollar gold pieces, and fifty cent pieces, and pretty well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolts under him, as if he was in a great hurry to be off. He has lately broke out on the new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he dropped all his thunder. The American Eagle is the patriot's hope, and the inspiration of Fourth of Julys. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy, and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains, and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of t'other. His angry scream is heard ever so far, and he don't care a feather for anybody. Take him every way, he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mounting wave, with the star spangled banner in one hand, and whistling Yankee Doodle.

The Sunday Atlas tells a good story of a one-legged political orator, named Jones, who was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him, "how he had come to lose his leg." "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree, and looking up my descent, I found there was some *Irish* blood in me, and, becoming convinced that it had all settled in that left leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it 'ud av been a deuced good thing of it had only settled in yer head."

Parallel Philosophy.—A sailor being about to sail for India, a citizen asked where his father died. "In shipwreck." "And where did your grandfather die?" "As he was fishing a storm arose, and he with his companions perished." "And your great-grandfather?"—"He also perished by shipwreck." "Then, if I were you, I would never go to sea." "Pray, my philosopher, where did your father die?"—"My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather died in bed." "Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed."

## AUTUMN.

But here the melancholy Autumn dwells,
And sighs her dreamful spells
Among the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily
Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
In the hushed mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

An Obsolete Etymology.—It was the custom while the Roman republic subsisted in full vigor, for the applicants for high offices to appear on the day of election, in long white robes, intimating by this that their characters likewise, ought to be pure and unsullied. Hence the origin of the word *candidate—candidus*, white, pure, sincere, &c. This garment (according to Plutarch) they were to wear without any other clothes, that the people might not suspect they concealed money for purchasing votes, and also that they might more easily show to the people the scar of those wounds they had received in fighting for the commonwealth.

# Agricultural.

## GATHERING AND PRESERVING WINTER FRUIT.

I have noticed a striking difference in different barrels of our winter fruit, on opening them in the spring of the year. One barrel will be very much rotted, and another almost perfectly free from rot. I have observed the same difference in those barrels which had been gathered from the ground, and the fruit more or less bruised. In one barrel every bruise would seem to dry up and scar over, and the apple remain sound, while in another, every bruise would turn into a soft rot and extend to the whole apple. Now, why this difference? There must be some cause for it. That cause I wish to learn, and perhaps the question is already settled in the minds of some of your contributors. If it is not, I hope attention will be turned to it. I am aware that some would hastily reply, the difference is owing to the dryness or moistness of the apples when barreled up or to the weather at the time, or immediately succeeding the picking and barreling. Others, still, attribute the difference to the tightness or openness of the barrel; the one retaining all the moisture which arises from the sweating of the fruit, the other gives free ventilation. My own experience favors free ventilation. Formerly, my custom was to head up tight, in the best barrels I could get—but for the last few years I have made a three-fourths inch hole in both heads of the barrel and piled up out doors till quite late. I pile on the bilge and cover the surface to protect from storm and sun. It will be readily seen, that, with barrels thus prepared and thus piled up, whether out of door or in the cellar, there is a constant circulation through the barrel, carrying off the moisture which arises from sweating, so that there is at no time any accumulation.

In 1855, I gathered about 600 barrels, and managed the whole as above. There was much complaint that year about apples decaying badly. Mine kept well; I thought, better than in former years. Still there was the difference alluded to in the beginning of this article. The bruises, more or less slight, would in one barrel dry up, while in another they would become soft rot.

I am no believer in lunar influences on pork, beef or cabbage, but I have been led to pen the above from a remark made in my presence, some year or more ago, viz.:—that a bruise made upon an apple at a certain time in the moon would dry up and not rot. The remark was second or third hand, and my informant could not tell what time in the moon it was best to gather apples.

Whatever may be the cause of one apple, or one barrel of apples, bruised or not bruised, keeping better than another, the subject is worth attention.—*Correspondent New England Farmer.*

## REMEDY FOR THE POTATO ROT.

Raise potatoes from the hills, and keep them after they are dug, from the air and light. Having pursued this course for seven years, and suffered nothing in the meantime from the rot, I conclude myself fairly entitled to the reward offered by the State. I had been experimenting two years when I first learned the Commonwealth had offered the liberal bounty for the discovery of a sure and practical remedy for the Potato Rot.

Whether the Committee shall consider me entitled to the reward offered or not, I have the satisfaction of having discovered a sure and practical remedy, which I have thoroughly tested and confirmed. Whatever the Committee may do, I feel myself entitled to the honor of being a benefactor to the farmers of the State not only, but of all elsewhere, who cultivate the potato.

It now being the season for digging potatoes, it seems a favorable opportunity for making known my remedy for prevention of the potato rot. It is as follows:

Bury your potatoes as soon as possible after digging them, avoiding as much as you can their exposure to the air and light. They may be put into an old fashioned potato hole, or covered on the surface of the earth, so as to protect them from the frost—I prefer the latter method—and keep them thus until the day you want them to plant—and then be careful to use none for seed but what are perfectly sound and healthful—cut or uncut as you prefer—and you will be sure of sound potatoes next season, and just as long after as my directions are strictly followed. Seven years' trial has confirmed this remedy. Hence the reason for my complete confidence in it.

They may be well kept, also, by putting them into barrels in the cellar, and sifting on dry sand until all the space unoccupied by the potatoes is filled with sand. Potatoes put up this way, retain their good eating qualities much better than when put into a bin, as is the usual method. Wives and daughters have observed and remarked, that potatoes taken from the bin to cook, are better, when taken from that part of it where the dirt is most abundant, in consequence of "dumping" them from a cart through a spout to the bin. This fact goes to confirm the use of barrels with sand, for the better preservation of potatoes for winter use, and until new potatoes are produced. Every farmer knows that light, air, and the heat of the sun, each and all, tend to impair the eating qualities of potatoes, and it would seem a fair deduction, also, that these same influences should impair and weaken the vital power of the tubers, thus rendering them liable to disease.

In olden times, most of the farmers' cellars were dark—rendering it necessary to take a light in order to see, and guide the cider tap at noonday. In these days, cellars were generally small, making it necessary for farmers to winter many of their potatoes, oftentimes, in holes. I remember well how much better the potatoes were when taken from the hole opened in the spring, than from the cellar.

Now, it is very different. Cellars are generally much larger, more airy, and so well lighted, that no artificial light is necessary when visiting them by day. There can be no doubt that the quality and vitality of potatoes are both seriously injured when stored in such cellars as last described, for those first alluded to did not keep them as well as the potato-hole, as observation amply shows and confirms.

These are some of the reasons why I consider my remedy, now made known, a sure preventive, if duly observed and practised, of the Potato Rot.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

## JUMPING HORSES.

In teaching a horse to leap flying or standing, a bar I hold to be the very worst appliance ever contrived; it is unlike anything he ever saw before, or probably ever will see again. Some bars are left without sloping boards under them; these boards should be two feet high, and spread at bottom so as to keep a horse at least a foot and some inches from breasting the bar itself; but even then, for a flying leap, it is far better to practise him at an obstacle he will be likely to meet in crossing a country. It is said that the rails on each side prevent his bolting to avoid the leap; they do at the time. But a horse accustomed to leap thus confined will be very likely to turn from a fence where he finds himself with the opportunity of doing so; it is like taking the winkers off a horse in harness, accustomed to wear them. We cannot always have rails on each side of a fence to keep a horse straight, and hemming him in, and flogging him till he takes the bar, "somehow" is the worst possible way to make a leaper of him. I have found a very simple thing the best to teach a standing jumper to raise himself—this is to be met with in the country nearly everywhere, namely, the trunks of fallen trees; you may pick them of smaller or greater diameter, in accordance with the horse's early or advanced state of tuition. They will not give way—he soon learns that; they keep him about a desirable distance from his leap. And do not make a clatter to alarm him, should he put his fore feet on them, as is the case with the sloping boards of a bar. I have frequently seen horses so alarmed from having done this, that it was difficult to get them near a bar for some time after; and to attempt practising a young horse at one without them, would be worse still. A bar should be thoroughly well clothed with furze, if a horse is practised at it in a trot, or canter, but he is apt to refuse approaching one so clothed close enough for a standing leap, and will not raise himself steadily before it; and perfect coolness and self-possession are quite indispensable to a standing jumper. When a horse has been practised at the trunks of trees till he will take the largest with perfect coolness and certainty, the next things to put him to are strong wattled hurdles of different heights, leaning a little from him, but so firmly staked up as to render it impossible for him to knock them down. When he will, without hesitation, take the highest of these, set upright, he may be put to the bar. Why I object to a plain bar for young beginners is, they see under it. Unless it is clothed, they will try to knock it down, seeing but a small looking obstacle. They are apt to knock their knees against it, which makes them shy of it. In fact, a horse requires to be very perfect as a standing jumper before he will take a plain bar with confidence, and without bungling or hesitation. In teaching horses, any other animal, or even man, we should always make the task of young beginners *below* their capacities and capabilities at the time. By this we avoid hesitation, refusal, or failure in the pupil, and probably avoid the necessity of correction. We bring them on by degrees till they attain perfection, as nearly as their natural powers or capacities permit.—Harry Hieover, *in London Field.*

## HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

1. You have hay stacks, perhaps, standing in your meadows. See that they are well fenced, so that the hay is not eaten up before the proper time. The best way, where you can, is to have your hay in large or small hay barns, and build no stacks at all.

2. You are, perhaps, threshing your wheat, or other grain; save dry and under cover all the straw you can. If you have not some under a roof, build, if you can, a good stack of it which will shed rain. The uses of straw are important. For littering stables, some may be used. But if well stacked, and kept dry and sweet, it may be preserved a year or two, and when hay is scarce, it may save the stock from starvation. The terrible want of 1854–5 ought to suffice for a lifetime to teach us the value of straw.

3. Look at your wheat fields, sown a few weeks since. Don't let any heavy cattle tread over it. Drain all wet places, if it is not done already. Pasture with calves or lambs any pieces that may be growing too rank.

4. Attend to all fall ploughing soon. On clay soils, the ground should never, even in the fall, be stirred, except when dry. Ploughing deep in the fall saves much work in the spring.

5. See that the pipes for the pumps, sinks, and roofs are all in good condition. Arrange them, if you can, so that none of them will freeze. It will help greatly for this end, if the pipes are placed as nearly perpendicular as may be. A pump frozen up, or with a pipe burst, in mid-winter, is a great annoyance.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Bloody Murrain.—Having spent thirty years in Wilmington, Loraine county, Ohio, I learned by salting cattle regularly twice a week on the ground, in the same place, that they would lick out a perfect dish in that clay soil, and entirely prevent the bloody murrain, a disease which I am perfectly prepared to show it is impossible to cure.—*Correspondent of Exchange.*

# Useful Receipts.

How to Cure Egg Eating Hens.—A London paper says, that hens can be cured from eating eggs, by preparing an egg-shell, and substituting mustard or some unpleasant drug in its place, and putting this false egg back into the nest. Once having tasted the offensive imposture, the offending hen will never touch an egg again.

To Clean Riding-Habits.—Take a piece of woollen cloth, dip it in either spirits of wine or ammonia, and rub the marks, and they will at once disappear. This application will do to remove any grease marks. The spirits of wine are the most agreeable to use.

Cream Pie.—Cream pie, and very rich, is made by a rich paste for bottom; then a layer of butter, the thickness of a cent; then one of sugar; then one of flour, the same thickness, and fill up with cream.

Tomato Catsup.—G. L. C. recommends this receipt, which will be found excellent:—1 quart best vineger, ½ ounce mace, ½ ounce cloves, ½ ounce black pepper, ½ ounce Jamaica pepper, ½ ounce long pepper, ½ ounce ginger, ½ ounce mustard seed, 25 capsicums, 50 tomatoes, 6 heads of garlic, 1 stick of horseradish. On the 50 tomatoes throw ¾ pound of salt, and let them stand three days. Boil the above ingredients (except the tomatoes) half an hour, then peel the tomatoes, and add them to it, boil them together half an hour, strain them through a sieve, and when cold bottle it.

To Dye a Bright and Lasting Yellow.—Simmer your hanks of yarn in strong alum water; then put a layer of peach tree leaves in a tub, then a layer of yarn, then leaves, till all are in; then pour over them the boiling hot alum water to cover them; let it set all night; wring out and air it; then heat the dye and put in fresh leaves with the same yarn, in layers, and pour over the hot dye for several days, wring it each day till you get it the shade you like. Set it with strong suds. This makes a fast color that grows brighter by washing in strong suds.

Indian Meal Dough Nuts.—A teacup and a half of boiling milk, poured on two teacups of Indian meal. When it is cool add two teacups of wheat flour, one teacup of butter, one and a half of sugar, one of yeast, and two eggs, with a tablespoonful of cinnamon, or a grated nutmeg. If not sufficiently stiff, add equal portions of wheat and Indian meal. Let it rise till very light. Roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it into small diamond shaped cakes, and boil them in lard.

Ringbone, Big Head and Sweeney.—Jas. D. Sloan, of Shiloh, Gibson City, Iowa, states in the Rural New Yorker, that he is possessed of "a young mare which was very lame from Ringbone, and cured her by using the following mixture:—1 quart alcohol; 1 ounce oil of spike; 1 ounce gum camphor; 1 pint spirits of turpentine; 1 ounce blue stone (vitriol?) pulverized." The whole is mixed together, and when dissolved is ready for use. Mr. S. applied this decoction with a brush once each day. He says, "It should be put on sparingly or it will blister. If a blister arises grease with lard. This mixture has also cured 'bighead' and 'sweeney.'"

The Theory of Beauty.—The theory that beauty is merely the result of custom was very common in Johnson's time. And it was, indeed, a curious retribution of the folly of the world of art, which, for some three centuries, had given itself recklessly to the pursuit of beauty, that at last it should be led to deny the very existence of what it had so morbidly and passionately sought. It was as if a child should leave its home to pursue the rainbow, and then, breathless and hopeless, declare that it did not exist.

# The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 17, 19, 1, 4, 11, 27, is an agreeable and interesting study.
My 3, 5, 30, 20, is an article which is the occasion of much pleasure and oftentimes much misery.
My 17, 23, 30, 17, 27, is a nickname for a fool.
My 9, 4, 3, 14, 10, 11, 28, 13, 19, 23, is a name engraved upon every American's heart.
My 29, 1, 3, is a very useful article.
My 8, 25, 5, 26, 29, 22, is a famous city in Europe.
My 3, 7, 18, 6, 11, 23, 6, 3, is the name of a State.
My 24, 4, 12, is something that is not considered good.
My 16, 25, 15, 31, is a reptile.
My whole is a very old Proverb.

YOUNG AMERICA.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 20, 18, 15, 1, 2, 25, 13, is a city in England.
My 25, 26, 23, 25, 18, 19, is a city in Austria.
My 7, 6, 15, 23, 17, 26, 6, 7, is a city in Brazil.
My 25, 12, 4, 12, 24, 6, 22, 18, is a river in South America.
My 23, 23, 2, 6, 17, 5, 23, is a city in Naples.
My 6, 22, 16, 20, is a city in Arabia.
My 3, 12, 5, 15, 9, is a river in France.
My 16, 18, 19, 21, 11, 4, is a city in Massachusetts.
My 22, 27, 12, 15, 12, 6, 8, is a city in Michigan.
My 17, 6, 11, 14, is a river in Africa.
My whole was a famous peasant of Switzerland.

WALTER SCOTT, JR.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 5, 4, 4, is a small coin.
My 1, 4, 3, 2, was a priestess of Venus.
My 2, 5, is a signification.
My 5, 2, 4, is a noun of the feminine gender.
My 5, 2, 3, 4, is an ancient city.
My 2, 1, is an interjection.
My 5, 1, is a prefix.
My 2, 5, 4, is a compound.
My 1, 2, 4, is a farmer's tool.
My 5, 2, 2, is part of a house.
My 2, 4, is a pronoun.
My 1, 2, is an interjection.
My whole was the first profane writer and Greek poet.

O. D. FITZGERALD.

Haynesville, Mo.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When ushered into being,
My *first* was free from guile—
And in the garden of Eden,
*It* there remained awhile.

Go search the page of history,
Profane as well as divine,
And you will have no trouble
My *second* there to find.

Now what my *whole* is, reader,
You may guess it if you can—
For this is all I'll tell you,
That *it* is a *command.*

Brownsboro, Ky. FRANK MADDOX.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The hunter in the forest wide,
The farmer in his field,
The sailor on the ocean's tide,
The soldier with his shield,
My first have seen.

The farmer tills the mellow ground,
The hunter traps the deer;
When the sailor hears my second's sound,
He knows that land is near:
'Tis true, I ween.

When brightly shines the morning's sun,
My whole is high in air!
The laborer, when his work is done,
Loves its sweet voice to hear—
In meadow green.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a color, I trow;
My second's where produce does grow;
My whole was a great preacher, I know.

### AN INTEREST QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

John having occasion to borrow some money, got $100, at 6 per cent. per annum, simple interest; but wanting more, he borrowed the same day, at some other place, another $100, at 5 per cent. per annum, compound interest. Now we all know compound interest will run on interest again, if not paid at the end of the year; whereas simple interest will never run on interest again until paid. Now John paid nothing either on principal or interest on either note, until both notes were in amount the same. The question is, what was then the amount due on each note? and in what length of time from the day the notes were given, was the payment made?

DANIEL DIEFENBACK.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

### CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between a man watching the operations of a barber, and a broker? Ans.—The one notes a shave, the other shaves a note.

☞ Why are men enclosing a piece of ground, like others engaged with swords? Ans.—Because they are fencing.

☞ Why is a certain fashionable repast like a sand plain? Ans.—Because it is a desert.

W. S. M.

Tiffin.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Christianity introduced into England. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Edward Rutledge. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald. CHARADE.—Horsemanship. REBUS.—Pope—Gray, (Pittsburg, Oar, Pea, Eulogy) RIDDLE.—Frigate. ANAGRAMS.—Montpelier, Annapolis, Springfield, Frankfort, Montgomery, New Orleans, Richmond, Tallahassee. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—1 7115 rods.

### ANSWER TO CHARADE PUBLISHED OCT. 17.

Fierce blew the wind, the sea ran mountains high,
While hundreds rushed upon the sea-washed deck,
From many tongues went up the fearful cry—
Oh! heavens we're lost, we're lost, the ship's a wreck.

The ship was settling by the head apace,
Some harrowing partings here and there were seen,
Death grimly, sternly, stared them in the face,
When to their rescue came the *Brig* Marine.

When Noah lived in dim and distant times,
The Lord he saw the people were not good,
So dark, and heinous were their many crimes,
That he destroyed them by a mighty flood;
One family, and only one, was saved,
And this was Noah's, even including *Ham*,
For they no doubt religiously behaved,
And thereby gained the favor of the great I-AM.

So many of our poets are renowned,
So many wrote so much, and wrote so well,
So many with the laurel have been crowned,
Which one you mean is hard for me to tell;
But this I'll say of praise, it is my meed,
Where e'er is spoken, or admired, our tongue,
With pleasure unborn multitudes will read,
The Night Thoughts of the illustrious Doctor Young.

Princeton, N. J. C. LEACH

☞ A great man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of sight.